

# Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 17, 1964

25 CENTS

## A NEW APPROACH TO BRIDGE

BY CHARLES GOREN



8/10/64

FIRST OF A SERIES



# YOUR HUSBAND'S PAYCHECK:

## *How a wife can help save it, spend it, stretch it.*

Whether you keep it in the sugar bowl or put it in the stock market, money and its management are of utmost importance to women today.

The day when a wife left "all that money business" to her husband disappeared with the hoop skirt. For planning a family's financial future involves the things closest to you — a college education for your children, the new home you'd like to have, a comfortable life when your husband retires. No wonder more and more couples are making long-range money plans *together*.

### **BUDGET, SCHMUDGET!**

All right, you say. You ought to live on a budget, but it doesn't work. Something always throws it off.

So it is with most of us. The old-fashioned budget with its neat little categories for everything from lunch money to haircuts is out of date today. Of far greater value is an over-all financial plan.

What are the key parts of a successful plan? Here are five the experts consider important:

1. It should provide your family with both a comfortable standard of living today and financial security tomorrow.
2. It should be a spending guide, not a financial strait jacket. The important thing is planning, not bookkeeping.
3. It should help you in figuring out alternatives in your spending. The result is often wiser purchasing.
4. It should include some kind of system for keeping track of the family funds in a general way.
5. It should guarantee, as much as possible, that your family will be free of financial trouble.

Where can you get help in getting started? Get in touch with a Connecticut General agent or broker. He is specially trained in a new money management technique called 25/75 . . . a plan for all your dollars . . . a plan that provides *immediate* financial advantages. He can help you start today to meet tomorrow's goals — without cutting back. Connecticut General Life Insurance Company, Hartford.

## The GM adjustable steering wheel



## made for drivers who come in different sizes

Here's the adjustable steering wheel you'll swear was designed by a custom tailor! A flick of the lever and the steering wheel can be moved up or down into any position you select. Tall drivers: move the wheel up for PLENTY of room. Short drivers: simply bring the wheel down to fit your arm reach and field of vision. Stout drivers: you can position the wheel to any angle for

perfect driving comfort. Two extra bonuses: on long journeys you can vary the wheel's position for a more relaxed trip. And move the wheel all the way up for easy entry and exit. Pleasant thought: a demonstration drive is awaiting you at your GM Dealer's today. The adjustable steering wheel is available\* on most 1964 General Motors cars equipped with power steering.



\*optional at modest cost

A QUALITY  
PRODUCT OF



**Saginaw**

SAGINAW STEERING GEAR DIVISION  
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION • SAGINAW, MICH.

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# SHOPWALK

A putter that 'vibrates' is the latest pemace offered to all problem golfers

Golfers have had putter problems ever since the game was first invented by the Scots early in the 15th century. The very first putter probably finished his first round stuttering about his putting and, more than likely, tossed his club halfway to England. Since then, thousands of putters have been made in every shape, size and form, and golfers, both good and bad, are still complaining.

Now, once more, there is another cure-all for harassed golfers. This latest design got its start last April when a better-than-average golfer named Raymon Cook pegged out his first VI-BRA-GROOV putter (below), a club incorporating for the first time a unique dimension of "feel." Simply stated, the golfer is supposed to feel shock vibrations in the grip of the club when he puts the ball.

Cook's new putter made its debut in professional golf when Johnny Pott used it in the Texas Open that same April. He shot a 270 for 72 holes and finished second, only two strokes behind winner Phil Rodgers. "I could not have done it without this wonderful new putter," Pott told the gallery of spectators clustered about him at the finish.

(continued)



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## SHOPWALK continued

as he accepted a check for \$3,000. "I have never had so many one-putt greens in all my life."

Cook began work on his new putter design in 1956. "I started grinding, sawing, hammering, bending and running every putter I could afford to get my hands on," Cook said. And finally, when the idea of a vibrational putter occurred to him, Cook called in Art Colver, a consultant designer.

"We ruined another hundred or so putters before we discovered where the basic groove should be," he said.

### Grooved head

Actually, Cook's putter looks as if junior took a few whacks at its mallet head with his favorite bowie knife. The slightly goose-necked mallet head has three deep grooves. One (A) is parallel to its putter face, and it is cut completely through the head to form a kind of "floating" impact area. The other two grooves (B and C) are perpendicular to the putting face. This peculiar design of grooves gives the putter what its designer calls "feel" by channeling shock vibrations up the shaft to the golfer when he puts the ball.

"The metal separation—resulting from the grooving—in the club head forces all the vibrations into the shaft and grip area," says Cook, a handsome 6-foot-1-inch designer with a face deeply tanned from years of southwestern golf. "There is no other place for the vibrations to go."

Groove A, parallel to the putter face, is supposed to help the golfer line the ball up with the cup. The grooves B and C, perpendicular to the club face, are equidistant from the center of balance and are spaced the exact width of an American-made golf ball apart. So a golfer merely aims the grooves directly at the cup and putts. According to Cook, it is as easy as sighting through a scope on a rifle.

The VI-BRA-GROOV putter does give an unusual hollow "click" upon impact with a golf ball. A golfer, though, would need the seromographic hands of a safecracker to feel anything but a faint shiver of vibrations in the shaft.

Aside from its vibrational qualities—or the lack of them—the putter itself is a well-made club, cast of aluminum and various metal alloys. Its grip, soft to the touch, is flat on top and comfortable. The putter costs \$18.50 and can be obtained at most pro shops in the U.S.

Since Johnny Post had his good luck with the putter at the Texas Open last year, many of the other touring professionals have tried the VI-BRA-GROOV at one time or another in tournaments. Sales now average about 1,000 a month, and Cook estimates that there will be a million VI-BRA-GROOV putters in use within the next five years.

—PAUL STEWART AND JOHNNY JAMES



Peugeot encountered many extraordinary signs—and difficulties—in winning the recent East African Safari. Lions, giant antelopes, hub-deep mud, stampedes, cloudbursts and hairpin turns were a few of the joys of the annual event some auto manufacturers shun like the plague. One leading weekly calls it: "The most punishing ordeal on earth for drivers and stock cars." Another publication says: "If there were a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Automobiles, there would be no East African Safari."

The 1963 version of hell on wheels was the most fantastic in history. 84 cars began. Exactly 7 finished. 3 of the seven were Peugeots, the winning Peugeot finishing an hour and fifteen minutes ahead of its nearest competitor!

As the rally got underway, torrential rains had washed out many of the trails that are laughingly called roads, and cars bogged down right and left. Rocks slashed the gas tanks and tires of other cars. Once the front-running Peugeot, blocked by two stalled cars, had to swing off the road and smash through a tropical forest in order to continue the course. The Peugeot entries completed every tortuous inch of the 3130-mile course taking first, fifth and sixth places in overall rankings and first and second in their class.

What does all this prove, since none of us will ever face similar driving conditions? It proves that Peugeot is built with integrity. Body steel is heavier. Bumpers and trim are stainless steel, not chrome. Every single Peugeot is test-driven. Every part, down to nuts and bolts, is scrutinized. Peugeot has earned a nickname we're proud of. The Indestructible. This car combines extraordinary performance with amazing durability. Test drive a Peugeot and you'll see what we mean.



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# SCORECARD

## FORECAST: CLEAR FOR CLAY

Once upon a time Pete Rademacher thought he could whip Floyd Patterson. Now he thinks Cassius Clay will beat Sonny Liston. On his Patterson conviction he persuaded wealthy backers to put up a \$250,000 guarantee for him. Pete has found wealthy backers willing to offer Clay \$500,000 to make the first defense of his title (Clay will beat Liston, you understand) in either the Akron Rubber Bowl or Cleveland Stadium.

Pete lives now in Medina, Ohio, where he is an associate of Edward C. Mears, president of National Management, Inc., a builder-developer, and on the side he has been promoting fights in Akron with remarkable success. "Every one of the five fights I have promoted has been a near sellout," Pete boasts.

He has also been advising fighters, among them the last man to win over Cassius Clay, which is why he is challenging Cassius. The fighter is Amos Johnson, who defeated Clay in the 1959 Pan American Games trials, has fought in the Marines and holds an 8-1 record since he turned professional.

Why does Pete think Clay will beat Liston?

"Clay is just as big as Liston," Pete replies. "He is much faster. He has better leg speed. He can punch. He will not pull a Floyd Patterson by walking into range for Liston. His strategy will be to harass and move, which Patterson should have done, and in the late rounds, when Liston is tired, he just might knock him out."

## BACK HOME IN INDIANA

The atmosphere of Evansville, Ind., during the basketball season is very much like that which prevailed in Brooklyn during the glorious years when the real Dodgers played at Ebbets Field. There is the same zany enthusiasm, and this year it is justified. Evansville College ranks as the No. 1 small college team in the country and is favored to win the NCAA College Division tournament at Evansville in March, when, one may expect, the city will really blow its top.

A few weeks ago two drunks were tossed out of the stadium by a policeman. Scrambling back into line, they bought new tickets, were admitted, and were booted again. Back to the ticket window and past a now astonished ticket-taker and back to the cop. This time, though, they pleaded their case before a lenient college official and were granted amnesty. Another Evansville fan, transplanted to Chicago, makes a 600-mile round-trip drive for virtually every home game. Still another, exiled in Los Angeles, has flown to Denver and Tucson to see his old school team in action.

Basketball has become the hub of most community and social functions in Evansville. One country club runs buses to and from games. An entire section is occupied by elite fans who pay \$100 apiece for season tickets. And a good many of the fans come to the games attired in defiant red.

The pervading feeling was expressed shortly after the start of the season by a woman who struck up a beauty parlor conversation with the wife of Coach Arad McCutchan. "We're new in town," she informed Mrs. McCutchan, "and I really abhor basketball. But we're going to buy season tickets. There's nothing else to do on Saturday night, and we've become so lonely."

## THE DOME TO DATE

The Houston Colts may starve for victories when they operate in their new \$20-million domed stadium in 1965, but the customers will be well fed.

"We are going to feature restaurants serving the finest French and Chinese food," says Executive Vice-President George Kirksey. "People can come out to the dome, watch the game and stand down for crepes suzette, souffles or egg foo yong. And for plain American fans, we'll have the hot dog."

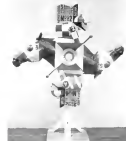
The dome will have seven seating levels, each in a different color, and seats will be "soft rocking chairs," 46,000 of them. They cost \$1 million, "the biggest individual purchase in the history of seat manufacturing."

And for \$18,000 a season, a Colts' fan may buy a 14-seat box on the top level. It is equipped with bar, bedroom and closed-circuit television.

## SPORT IN ART AGAIN

Scion of a circus family, Leo Jensen has been a rodeo performer. His attire leaves no doubt of this. From a pocket of a turquoise vest there dangles a cowboy-boot key chain. He wears an Indian-beaded red-and-white tie. His socks are navy blue, their drabness relieved by white polka dots. Graying sideburns extend below his ears, almost meeting a bushy mustache. He even stands like a cowboy. So when he says he once worked for Wild Bill Blomberg's Wild West Show you would not bet against it.

What you are not ready for is the discovery that he is an avant-garde sculptor, just winding up a most successful show at the Amel Gallery in New York where his contrivances have become the darlings of the sophisticates and are selling for as much as 1,600 silver dollars apiece, though he will accept paper money, too. In his artistic aspect Jensen has gone so far as to take up residence in Old



Lyme, Conn., which is very un-Western indeed.

At Old Lyme he turns out sculptures, of which the item illustrated herewith is a fine specimen. Many Jensen sculptures don't just stand there. They do something. With this one, called *The Lure of the Tin*, it is possible to bet win or place by spinning the dial in the center. Sport is one of his recurrent themes, in fact. In his Minnesota high school days he played football (two letters), track (two letters) and baseball (no letters). His hero of the current age is not Henry Moore, who does those statues with the holes in

continued

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## SCORECARD *continued*

them, but Y. A. Tittle. Among his recent works are *The Zipster* (auto racing), *Football Machine, King of Clubs* (boxing) and *Champion's Choice* (baseball and breakfast food).

The sculptures are massive, as tall as 8 feet, because, he says, only size can convey the importance of sport. All in all, we think, Jensen is a most agreeable fellow.

## BOWL IN THE SOUP

Big Eight officials are putting a cheerful face on the termination of the conference's contract to appear annually in the Orange Bowl. Along with Orange Bowl spokesmen, they stress that the parting was amicable and that quite likely Big Eight teams will be visiting the Bowl often.

The hard fact is different. Ending the contract was a severe blow to chances of a Big Eight team appearing in one of the four major New Year's bowl games. The Rose Bowl is out because of its tie-up with the Big Ten. The Sugar Bowl, still segregation-minded, is not likely to favor a team from a conference with so many Negro stars. And the very reasons that caused the Orange Bowl to end its Big Eight contract will work against frequent selection of Big Eight teams in the future. The Big Eight area is geographically remote from Miami, and so there has seldom been a mass migration to fill hotels and bars at bowl time. Television sponsors, noting the lack of great population concentrations in Big Eight country, have found the conference unattractive. They would rather have a couple of teams from heavily populated sections so that more home folks would be tempted to tune in the game.

That leaves the Cotton Bowl and the fact that two of the most likely opponents, year in and year out, Texas and Oklahoma, meet annually in a regular-season game in Dallas. So it would seem that the Big Eight will be looking most hopefully toward the Bluebonnet or Gator bowls in the years just ahead. Meanwhile, the conference can console itself with the fact that its teams won seven of the 11 games played under the Orange Bowl contract.

## NASCAR MEETS JASCAR

Soon there will be a JASCAR as well as a NASCAR. Nagahide Mori, chairman of the board of one of the world's largest trading companies, with headquarters

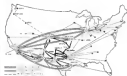


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## CONTINENTAL AIRLINES



in Tokyo, is at Daytona International Speedway completing arrangements for establishment of stock-car racing in Japan. Bill France, president of the Speedway and of the National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing, has agreed to assist in creating a similar body in Japan, licensed by NASCAR and governed by the same regulations. Mori, in turn, will build what amounts to a replica of the Speedway near Tokyo.

#### THE NEPOTISTIC ROOTER

Chances are that Columbus, Ind., was so named because Christopher Columbus helped establish that the world is round like a basketball. The town dearly loves the sport, and this winter it has a crack high school basketball team as its reward. It also has a crack rooter in Evert Frank Sillabower Jr., who never misses a game. Evert has a nephew playing on the team—No. 43, Dave Sillabower—and is so proud of his brother's boy that at games he wears a jacket on which is lettered: "I am No. 43's uncle."

Uncle Evert cheers as joyously as the school kids when Columbus wins. When the team loses, Uncle Evert cries like a baby. Which is understandable. Unk is 4 years old.

#### SPONSORS OR PLAYERS?

Hard on the heels of professional football's new multimillion-dollar television deals with NBC and CBS came the news from Phoenix, Ariz. that the Professional Golfers' Association had threatened to boycott the Phoenix Open over the rights to a mere \$5,000 television contract. As might be suspected, there was much more at stake than \$5,000. The real question was: Who should control television rights to a golf tournament, the sponsor or the players? As far as the PGA is concerned, there is no question.

"In the hands of tournament sponsors," says Jay Hebert, players' Tournament Committee chairman, "there is the danger of TV oversaturation—and for peanuts in income. We also feel better qualified, we know the game so well, to decide which tournaments should be televised and how. Finally, with control in our hands we could present a unified package to the television networks which would not only be to our benefit but to the tournament sponsors' as well."

To Larry Crosby, tournament chairman of the Bing Crosby Pro-Am, this means that the PGA is trying to muscle in and take over "like the Capone mob," but Hebert replies: "No one can say

*continued*

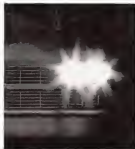


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### **CUTBACK LOVE**

The Navy's celebrated quarterback, Roger Staubach, has received more than 2,000 letters, mostly from coeds asking for photographs, since the start of his phenomenal season last year. In line with President Johnson's economy drive, the Navy has ceased to furnish the girls glossy prints, which cost \$3 apiece. Instead, prints are mimeographed. They do not have that gleam in the eye the glossies had, but the Naval Academy is sure the girls will make that much of a sacrifice for their country. At \$3 each the Navy cannot afford an All-America and stay within its budget.

Girls from all over the country also send Roger pictures of themselves. Two girls' colleges in Georgia even sent him pictures of beauty contestants and asked him to select the winners. Staubach was cooperative, although, as he remarked recently, "It took about a week to get the job done."

Staubach has another year to enjoy such extracurricular celebrity. One assumes he is saving some of the pictures to decorate the bulkheads of what, in 1965, will be a very junior officer's cabin.

### **SKAGIT BONANZA**

The steelhead (a rainbow trout that went to sea, grew up and then decided to return to the fresh-water neighborhood he knew as a fingerling) seldom is caught in the ocean. But this year, during the State of Washington's big midwinter steelhead run, the situation is different. Beaches on the east coast of Whidbey Island, just north of the little community of San de Fuca, are aswam with fisher-

*continued*





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men. They are casting lures and catching steelheads almost as fast as fishermen on the nearby Skagit River, best of the fine steelhead rivers of the northwestern Pacific Coast and maybe the best in the world. So easy is the beach fishing that oldtimers haul patio chairs out onto the sand and, casting a mere 20 feet from a relaxed sitting position, enjoy frequent success. The beachcombers are sitting athwart the homeward route of the Skagit-spawned trout.

Half of these steelheads are graduates of the Barnaby Slough rearing ponds on the upper Skagit (SI, Sept. 10, 1962), where in 1961 a planting of 350,000 steelhead fingerlings produced, after raids by kingfishers, mergansers and munks, 150,000 sturdy, resourceful and evasive juveniles that were able to make their way to the sea the following spring. It had been estimated that perhaps 10% of that 150,000 might survive ocean predators to return to the Skagit. Now, to judge from the success of the sedentary beachcasters and their stream-fishing counterparts, that estimate may have been far too low. Everybody is catching steelheads in unprecedented and unpredictable numbers.

#### TIP FROM THE SLOPE

The most fascinating tip for recreational skiers to come out of the Winter Games at Innsbruck is this: don't worry about keeping your skis perfectly together. The Egon Zimmermanns and François Bonlieux and Billy Kidds certainly did not indulge in this functionless elegance. Ski the natural way, with your feet where they feel comfortable. If that means feet as far apart as the tracks on a Russian railroad, ski that way—and be happy.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Budie Tebbetts, Cleveland Indian manager, on how to find out about your players in a hurry: "Offer them to other clubs. When 19 clubs tell you they're not interested, this guy doesn't stand much chance of getting a raise."
- John Serbin, University of Cincinnati basketball player, after his arrest on charges of slugging a coach: "The whole team has been under a lot of pressure."
- Luke Appling, asked if he would resent going into the Baseball Hall of Fame on a second round of balloting: "I'm not proud, I'm willing to go in on my hands and knees if I have to."

END



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# IN AND OUT OF A JAM

by DAN JENKINS

*U.S. Ski Coach Bob Beattie talked big—and in the last tingling Olympic race his kids delivered*

**I**n more than two months of European training for the IX Winter Olympics, and through the frail snow flurries that settled on the hills around Innsbruck during the final hours of the games, it was never very difficult to find the U.S. men's Alpine ski team. One had only to ask where the nearest crisis was, and there, usually causing it, were the Americans.

The major crisis was self-imposed. From the beginning, Coach Bob Beattie established the principle that the most important medal in the Winter Olympics was a gold, silver or bronze—any color would be fine—in a men's Alpine event. Never had a U.S. racer placed as high as third before. It was with a complete dedication to this goal that Beattie's Americans set out.

The Americans swiftly encountered a second crisis, which was definitely not self-imposed. This was a permanent flouting battle over the seedings, and it frequent-

*continued*

*Exultant after Saturday's redemptive slalom, Bob Beattie hugs Silver Medalist Billy Kidd and rumples third finisher, Jim Heaps.*



ly turned Coach Bob Beattie into a fairly ugly American. His foremost contribution to diplomacy was a simple opening aside directed against his European rivals, who had always conducted their seeding meetings in continental tongues. "Let 'em speak English," rumbled the U.S. coach.

In these meetings Beattie was forced to boast of his racers' achievements, and Europeans were stunned by his brashness, as each coach fought for good starting positions for his own racers. Consequently, in the final pre-Olympic competitions in France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy, the American skiers, instead of slowly building toward the Innsbruck climax, had to go all out to prove they deserved to be in the top Olympic seedings. Once Beattie paused and said, "The thing that kills me is that each time one of our guys fails, he knows what it does to me in the meetings."

Then the Olympics began, and for a time it seemed that Innsbruck would be noted as the scene of the most dreadful setback ever for skiing America. Austria won the men's downhill, and France the men's giant slalom. By now Bob Beattie's promises of success and his husky-voiced ranting in the Olympic seeding sessions had become almost boorish. They seemed especially so in light of the fact that through the downhill and the giant slalom the Americans, though they managed to argue at least two men into the top seed each time, had hardly frightened the French or the Austrians, who were busy collecting medals.

As the games wore on—still unsuccessfully for the Americans—Beattie seemed only to be collecting enemies. While Jean Saubert did smashingly well to win a silver and a bronze medal among the women, Beattie's critics insisted that the cute Oregon State coed would have won a gold if she had not been so tense and overtrained by her hard-driving coach. They then pointed to her shockingly poor 26th-place finish in the ladies' downhill as proof of Beattie's failure.

Among the critics was Austria's Egon Zimmermann, who said, "One can't force oneself to win. I think the Americans are defeating themselves." Another was Willy Schaeffler, the coach of the University of Denver, Beattie's leading college coaching rival. Schaeffler was quoted as saying (though he later denied the remark), "It's no use talking about winning gold medals if you don't have

the results on hand to back up your confidence."

Worst of all, there was the Billy Marolt affair. The night he was told he would not race in the slalom, and thus had no more training worries, Billy—the national downhill champion from Aspen, Colo.—made an unscheduled visit to the Innsbruck jail. He was sensationally accused of car theft, drunkenness and resisting arrest—undoubtedly the juvenile delinquents' combination title for the 1964 Olympics. Austrian newspapers reacted with indignant shouts about the ill-mannered hoodlum ski bums on the U.S. team.

But Bob Beattie knew Billy Marolt a lot better than that. The pounding force within Beattie that earned him the nickname "Tiger of Parliament," because of the seeding incidents, was quickly at work. Beattie, armed with a lot of facts, brought instant pressure upon the Austrian tourist bureau by raising questions of police brutality.

Marolt, a sensitive 20-year-old whose eyes tend to water at the slightest criticism from Beattie, had not stolen anything. He had downed two beers, with permission from the coach, since he was no longer competing in any Innsbruck events. Then Marolt had borrowed the Volkswagen bus of a ski-sweater manufacturer, who had given him permission to drive it. But he had neglected to tell the chauffeur. That unhappy man panicked and called the cops. The actual charges finally brought against Marolt were that he had sworn at and struggled with the police—as most anyone else might have who had been dragged out by the feet rather than invited to step down from a vehicle. Marolt was out of jail the next day with a three-month suspended sentence, having no doubt slept on pillows softer than those in the Spartan Olympic Village. His coach, speaking for most Americans who observed the matter closely, was of two minds about the affair. "I regret it," said Beattie, "but I resent it, too."

If Bob Beattie had stopped at this point to list his woes, they would have included all of the personality clashes of the seeding meetings where he was committed to fight for his boys; the wire-service reports that the American racers were sullen and uncooperative with newsmen (actually the U.S. team held the only daily press conferences); Billy Marolt's overplayed escapade; and re-

verberating remarks of his critics in relation to the multiplying failures on the slopes.

Still, the evening before the men's slalom, the final Alpine event on the Innsbruck program, and the last U.S. hope to retrieve a dismal ski Olympics, Beattie was his old ex-football coach, go-go-go self. "We're at the junction," he said to the team. "If we don't get a medal tomorrow we're all failures and I'm the biggest. But I'll tell you something. We're going to get a medal because you guys are the best slalom skiers in the world."

The next day at Lizum 30,000 spectators pressed together around the slalom finish and clung to the hill itself. They looked a little like a massive oil painting of human misery. But the people were delighted to be there. The only real misery was on the course set for the first slalom run, a brutally tight, steep descent with surprising ice patches, drops and turns and a tangled flush of gates at the finish. The difficulty of the course was apparent immediately. The first four racers lost balance and precious seconds or fell, among them America's Chuck Ferries. When Chuck—the U.S. slalom champion—fell harder than the others, sliding out of the race, it looked as though Beattie was going to finish the Olympics flat on his own back.

Then in the 10th starting position came 20-year-old Billy Kidd, a ski hero on the way in, and in the 12th spot Buddy Werner, that wonderful veteran who, sadly, was on his way out. Both got through the punishing first run with decent enough times, to rank sixth (Kidd) and eighth (Werner). Now for the first time in 10 days there was a real shred of hope. This hope was uncontrollably if unsportingly displayed by the few U.S. spectators when France's François Bonlieu, the favorite, took a stunning spill and was out of the race. Two University of Colorado students waved a large banner that said, "Go U.S.A.," and from other scattered spots in the crowd there were some un-Olympic—but unmistakably American—whoops of joy.

Said Fred Casati, the U.S. Alpine team manager: "I guess if we can knock down enough of them, we can back into a medal." Above all, he feared Austria's Pepi Stiegler, Karl Schranz and Gerhard Nennung, who stood one, two, three after their first runs.

## THE SWEET TRIUMPH OF 'NAPOLEON' BONNET



France's ski coach rejoiced in his medals.

At this moment, Jimmy Heuga, the 24th starter, wove into view with an interval time that caused Austrians and French alike to gasp. Wiggling through the gates with all the finesse of the more experienced Austrians, Heuga, another of Beattie's promising 20-year-olds, posted the third best time. If he could do it again an hour later, no one would have to be knocked down.

Between runs, Heuga, a constantly grinning youngster of Basque descent who deserves his reputation as the finest dancer in Colorado, asked Beattie if the second run did not require some caution. "You can't go for a medal if you're cautious," said Beattie. "We're going for a gold one." Billy Kidd, free of the fever that had weakened him six days before in the giant slalom, was fed the same confidence.

"Nothing," said Beattie to a friend, perhaps trying to bolster his own confidence, "comes out of pressure but greatness. That's what we've told these kids all along, and that's what we believe. What the hell. A young racer ought to try to win, or fall down the mountain anyhow."

Billy Kidd and Jimmy Heuga did not fall down the mountain. On the second run over a more open course, they skied better than any Americans had before. When the disbelieving throngs stared up at the IBM scoreboard, they saw that Kidd, a whirling figure in cap and goggles, and the bare-headed Heuga had clocked the second and third fastest times overall—and the U.S. had its first men's medals ever. Moreover, Kidd with a silver was but a bare .14 of a second away from the winner, Austria's Pepi Stuegger. Heuga, with his bronze, was only .39 away.

Equally worth celebrating—and celebrate the Americans did when Bob Beattie skied down from the top of the run, shouting, waving his poles, literally aflame with pride and joy—was the fact that Kidd finished third in the unofficial Alpine combined standings. With a 16th in the downhill, a seventh in the giant slalom and second in the slalom, Kidd ranked closely behind Germany's Ludwig Leitner and Austria's Gerhard Nennig as the third best ski racer in the world. No American had ever done that, either.

Buddy Werner, who raced well and finished eighth in the slalom to give America three in the top 10—another

continued

If vindication was sweet for Bob Beattie it was all the more so for Honoré Bonnet, coach of the French ski team, who had struggled longer and attained at Innsbruck the greatest triumph in French skiing history. In 1959, when the hotel keeper's son was asked to be coach, both Bonnet and the sport were flat on their backs—Bonnet from a spinal fracture suffered in an Alpine climbing accident, French skiing from a lack of initiative.

Bonnet got to his feet thinking of a new route to Alpine supremacy. "In my own little head," he says, "I developed a novel idea for my country. It was not so important what skiers did on their skis, I said, but rather what they did with their bodies before putting on those skis."

But first Bonnet had to find some skiers. Ruthlessly and, he admits, somewhat ungallantly, he got rid of every girl over 22 on the French team as "too old for this" and also banished every girl with feminine padding on her hips. "To see such a girl walk down the street is undeniably satisfying," he says, "but to see her on competitive skis is a disappointment. I was obliged to select my girls on the basis of how much they resembled boys, for only these slim-hipped creatures can wangle through a slalom gate successfully."

As for the boys, Bonnet applied another criterion: maturity. "A man simply does not have sufficient strength to be excellent until he is well into manhood," says Bonnet. "Beyond all that," says Bonnet, "they all must be ready to stand up under the exertions of skiing. Where the Americans have two or three men who can do this, I have eight. Where the Americans have one girl, Jean Saubert, I have four."

Last fall Bonnet assembled his hipless girls and old men at a seaside resort on the Mediterranean and got busy on their bodies. "We began by swimming and walking the beach," he says. "Gradually, we got into other sports—jumping on a springboard, volleyball, and then soccer. But the most important exercise was walking down mountains. After the coast we went to Chamonix, where I live, and chose the steepest routes we could find to walk down. Every muscle used in skiing is also used in a downhill hike."

It was November before Bonnet's team of six girls and eight boys put on their skis. "We are the proprietors of the egg position, we French, but beyond that little distinction there is nothing mysterious about our technique," he says. "I only tell my skiers to ski the way that is natural to them; that if it works, to use it. What can you learn from a system based on theory? Well, of course, nothing valuable can be learned that way, even if the newspapers and my other informed critics say it can."

"Skiing is the most damnable sport, because nothing is ever the same. The wax, the temperature, the condition of the snow, the line of descent, the bumps—everything is always in a different relationship. For that reason, the skier must always be changing, always able to cope with conditions naturally and not artificially."

As the world knows, Bonnet's naturals won three gold and three silver medals in the Games, and skiers from all over commenced calling Bonnet the Napoleon of their sport. "That can only be," says Bonnet deprecatingly, "because I am not so tall and comb my hair to the front."

"Bonnet is formidable," says Christine Gotschel, giving the word all of its French flavor of magnificence. "We fear him a little and adore him a lot, as we might our fathers. When they criticize him in the papers we become furious." But his formidableity is not iron-clad. "When we cry," says another of his girls, Cecile Prince, "he is like all men—completely helpless."

What the French fear is that they may be helpless to dissuade the strong-minded Bonnet from his latest idea—to quit as coach. "I want to go back to the mountains again and be a guide," he says, "for only there am I truly happy. I am quite tired of the old-fashioned and the stubborn cutting away at my feet, saying I do not know my job, that I do not teach technique enough. If I had done badly here, I would not have thought of leaving. But no, my skiers did well enough, and I leave 15 back in France able to win next time."

—HUSTON HORN



first for the U.S.—had been hugging Kidd while they waited for Heuga.

"This is the greatest day in our ski history," said Bud. "For a lot of years I was the only guy, but now we've got these two and we'll get a bunch more." Jimmy Heuga, completing his bronze run, had not really stopped before Werner dashed across the snow to embrace him. As moments of delirium go in American sports, this was one of the most moving.

"They're the touchdown twins," said Bob Beattie of his two young racers who had erased years of frustration, weeks of bitterness and days of embarrassment.

And then the crisis-prone Americans had another one: they could not somehow get their hands on some first-rate celebratory champagne. They had to make do with terrible-tasting stuff that had accrued to them at a pre-Innsbruck race. Chuck Ferras saved the day by mixing it in a panethrowl with ice cream. For Beattie the celebration was brief. He was thinking back.

"I don't know whether we went about it the right way," Beattie said. "But we succeeded. We proved that we are the third-best Alpine nation in the world and that we are capable of being the best. We won the battle of the seedings because my kids gave me a lot to yell about. The fact that we were able to start three in the first seeding of the slalom gave us the shot we wanted. We talked a lot about winning. We said we thought only in terms of winning. But we didn't say we had a right to win."

Beattie continued, "When we got off the plane 2½ months ago, the seeding problem turned everything into a madhouse. If we had failed at Val d'Isère, we could have gone home. That was the biggest race of all for us, and Buddy winning the slalom there made everybody take notice. We trained hard early because we had to win early. I hope all Americans realize that every time these kids went on the mountain they had to prove their country."

Proving the U.S. is something Beattie seems to want to do as a full-time occupation. "Our success will come in ski racing if we can develop North America. Why isn't it better to have 300 or 400 young people competing in our country

*His skis teetly parallel, Tahoe's Jim Heuga threads his way through gales of slalom course*



than to bring four or five boys over to Europe to race? Most of our kids go to school anyhow. They couldn't go to Europe, and they shouldn't, because we trained at home last year and we proved it could be done."

"Our way of life is the best in the world, and it's good enough to make us the best ski nation. If it isn't, we should only be as good as our society allows. I think ours allows us to be the best. But in the future we have to go about it differently. This was one way. But we can do a lot more."

And, indeed, it seemed necessary that more be done. While the American men got a silver and a bronze at Innsbruck, the gold medals were still ahead of them. In the overall Alpine medal count, Austria's seven and France's six were safely ahead of the four that America so richly could be proud of.

Ruperti Zimmergöbner, the chief of mission of the Austrian team and Beattie's sternest competitor in the seeding debates, reacted coolly to the American surprises. Said the Austrian: "The slalom was what they had trained for mostly. On the other side, however, one knows that the slalom is usually dominated by chance. In the downhill and giant slalom, it is not chance that prevails but good technique and courage. In the downhill America has but one prospect."

Not Orsi. It would be nonsense to say that we are afraid of them."

Beattie shot back: "That Zimmergöbner isn't he beautiful?" Well, as a matter of fact, at the conclusion of the Olympics nothing was very beautiful inside Austrian skiing. And if Zimmergöbner could have heard the departing words of his own racers, he would surely have experienced the surprise that Beattie and his American youngsters had been unable to give him.

"We don't have a real coach like Beattie or Honore Bonnet," said Gerhard Nennang. "Ernst Oberaigner is incapable. He is a director and not a coach. He never trains with us. We are left to ourselves. The ski manufacturers like Kastle and Kneissl do something. They send us to a summer training camp in the glaciers every year. We will have a new coach next spring. I think it will be Pepi Stiegler, who would be perfect."

Egon Zimmermann agreed that Stiegler should be the new Austrian coach. He said, "The fact that Stiegler nearly didn't make the slalom team and I didn't

make it shows very clearly that there is something wrong in our management. I believe that we have the best skiers and the Americans and I fence have the best coaches. I don't think the Americans will have caught up with us by 1966, but in 1968 they could be strong. It all depends on whether they can find more young talents like Heuga and Kidd."

It may also depend on the willingness of the U.S. Ski Association and those who give money to support it to adopt the measures that Bob Beattie feels will greatly strengthen America's skiing effort. Some of them are: expand and refine permanent training camps at Aspen, Colo.; Stowe, Vt., and Crystal Mountain, Wash.; organize American races more properly with sensible scheduling that takes advantage of high school and college vacations; hire returning champions like Buddy Werner, Chuck Ferries and Gordy Eaton to work with young racers, promote clinics that include training films and are available

to the smallest groups; obtain professional help in raising funds instead of placing so heavy a burden on hard-working volunteers; bring the best racers from Europe to America for serious competition ("they want to come"); build up skiing programs in colleges where those programs are lagging; put 40 boys on a national team and "train the devil" out of them; improve the downhill runs in America, making them more rugged, and prepare more of them; and, finally, create within the U.S. Ski Association a special office for a strong-willed man to "curry the ball" and see that these elaborate plans are undertaken.

Might that man be Bob Beattie?

"I don't know if I'm allowed back in the country. Anyhow, it's always a big secret what the Ski Association wants to do. But," Beattie said with an mischievous smile of satisfaction, "there were a few of us who enjoyed seeing those two boys get their medals more than anything we've ever done."

CONTINUED

New bright hope of U.S. skiing, Stowe's Billy Kidd won third place in world combined racing





## A BASHFUL BARBER AND A WORLDLY KID FROM SMOKE RISE

by HUSTON HORN

In America's elation at the glamorous, 11th-hour successes by Billy Kidd and Jimmy Heuga in the men's slalom last Saturday, everyone almost forgot two earlier triumphs by a pair of young U.S. skaters. That was unfortunate, because this pair—a speed-skating barber from Michigan and a pampered 14-year-old figure skater from New Jersey—had already insured that the nation's men would not go home from the Winter Olympics empty-handed.

On the morning of February 4 the Olympics were more than halfway over, and the U.S. seemed headed straight for its first gold-medal shutout in Winter Games history. Then along came Richard Terrance McDermott of Essexville, Mich. Most Americans had never heard of Terry McDermott—or of Essexville—and many knew precious little about his specialty, 500-meter speed skating. But Terry, wearing a pair of skates borrowed from his coach, won a gold medal in the

event. Terry tried his best to live up to the role of a celebrity, but that is simply not his long suit. When someone asked him what next, he stood there, pigeon-toed, and said he only wanted to get back to the girl he married four months ago but, because of training, he has not seen in almost two.

Going home presented other pleasures to Terry, who says his true love is cutting people's hair, a pleasure he indulges at his uncle's neighborhood barber shop in Bay City, not very far from Essexville (McDermott looks a lot like Perry Como, but perhaps all young barbers do). Terry has been cutting hair (at \$1.75 a head) for a year now and stands behind the last chair in a shop with four. His wife works in the bank that holds the mortgage on their new home.

Terry, who is 23, started to speed-skate as a youth because his sister married a guy who did. Training and racing sporadically, as his limited means per-

mitted, he kept an eye on the Olympics. He made the team, almost unnoticed.

Innsbruck was rather warm the day before he was to race, and the ice on the outdoor rink had turned soft. Terry's coach, Leo Freisinger, had two choices: put Terry in the first starting group, when he knew the ice would be hard and fast, or put him in the second group, when he knew Terry's adrenaline would be flowing. "The risk of putting him in the first group," said Freisinger, "was that he might draw an early starting number. Terry needs pressure, he needs someone to beat. The risk in waiting was that the ice might soften."

Freisinger crossed his fingers and put Terry in the second group. Sure enough, Terry's biggest rival for the gold medal, Russia's Evgeni Grishin, did poorly going off early, and clouds hung heavy overhead. "I think we've got as some gold hardware," Freisinger told Terry, and Terry went out and proved him right with an Olympic record sprint of 40.1 seconds. Grishin, twice a gold medalist, was clocked at 40.6 and admitted that he had been beaten by a better man. When Terry heard that, he just blushed and couldn't think of a thing to say.

Bashfulness is never the problem of Scott Ethan Allen, who turned 15 two days after winning his Olympic medal. A worldly, self-possessed little boy, Scotty is as voluble as Cassius Clay, and he and his entourage of six supporters hit the town like an independent Olympic committee.

Scotty figure-skates—which is quite right for him because his mother, Sonja Fuhrman, was once Sweden's figure-skating champion. When she was little, Mrs. Allen used to bite her nails in awe while watching her idol, Sonja Henie, and now she worries a lot about Scotty—whether he is cold, whether he is tired, whether he is nervous, whether, heaven forbid, he is running a temperature. Just in case that should happen, a doctor and a nurse were members of Scotty's ground crew.

Home for Scotty is Smoke Rise, N.J., an suburb of manicured lawns with a private lake where no house, Mrs. Allen says, costs less than \$50,000. Scotty sails a *Sulfish* on the lake sometimes,



Getting advice from Mom. Figure skater Scotty Allen rests in dressing room before winning his bronze medal. At 14 Allen was youngest ever to win a Winter Olympics prize.

and Frank Allen, his father, manufactures electronic timing devices in Parsippany, N.J. Scotty has a white telephone on his bedroom desk which, like the rest of the furniture, comes from one of New York's more expensive shops, Georg Jensen's.

"I'm just an average guy," he says, "except I skate." Scotty started skating on double-runners when he was 14 months old and now gets up at day-break to skate on single-runners at Madison Square Garden. He gets to school at noon, and gets out at 3. Then tutors come to his house and fill in the blanks. Scotty has lots of curly hair, a middle-range voice, a downy mustache and a fair amount of zeal.

While waiting for the men's free-skating finals to begin (he had placed fourth in the compulsory figures a few days before), Scotty napped serenely in his dressing room at the ice stadium in Innsbruck while his mother frantically roamed the halls on three-inch stiletto heels. "Why should Scotty be worried?" said his coach, Fritz Dietl. "Let's face it, he's brainwashed. He's not thinking about winning, he's wondering who's going to be second."

When it was his time, Scotty went out onto the ice and gave the audience a few free warmup leaps and spins, and waved and grinned to the crowd like the politician he is. He then skated very well indeed and did not fall. When he slipped a little, he gave everyone the big grin again, and they ate it up.

From the sidelines, Mrs. Allen pounded on an usher and shouted, "That's a boy," and "Nice going," and that sort of thing. When Scotty was through, he was rushed immediately to an ABC-TV camera. There was the perfect lipstick image of a kiss on his left temple.

Scotty got a bronze medal that night and became the youngest competitor ever to place in the top three at a Winter Olympics. The French favorite, Alain Calmat, got the silver and Germany's Manfred Schnelldorfer the gold. "Boy, oh boy," said Mrs. Allen. "I'm very happy and proud," said Scott Ethan Allen's father, who had not said much until then, and his eyes began to brim.

END

*Awed by success, skating barber Terry McDermott fondles the only U.S. gold medal*



# A ROUGH RACE FOR SAM'S SAKE

**S**am Griffith, who drove fast motorboats for a living, would have preferred to die at the wheel slamming through a wind-riven sea at 50 mph. Instead it was the sad fate of the man who practically invented offshore motorboat racing as chief "test pilot" for Boatbuilder Dick Bertram to die last year in bed. To honor his memory, the sponsors of the Sam Griffith Memorial scheduled a race for a time when, with any luck at all, wind and wave would combine to torture every boat and every driver to the limit of their endurance. How well they succeeded can be seen below, and at right. As the 15 hardy entries warmed up their engines in Miami harbor for the grueling 143-mile run out to sea and back, the winter weather proved so cooperative that two of the husky cruising boats

assigned to mark the course refused to stay out in it.

Rain and wind tore at the coastline, and the sea beyond Miami's Government Cut was an ugly, charming cauldron. It battered and tossed the boats heading into it so brutally that only four of them survived to the second mark. Bertram, Fuzzy Furlong at the wheel of his 31-foot Prowler poked into three short, steep seas that tore his engines right off their mounts. A piece of floating debris pierced the bottom of Jim Breal's *Lavapine* like a harpoon and sent him rushing for the nearest beach. Jack Mannon's 36-foot Allied Marine X 12 seemed at first less bothered by the seas than the other boats, but before reaching Bimini her compass tore loose, her clutch gave out and she limped dismally into port,

Two women, the mother-daughter team of Gail and Rene Jacoby, gave promise for a while of outlasting the men until their fuel tanks began to go adrift and a sudden chill breeze where the seat of Rene's pants used to be gave evidence of even more desperate trouble.

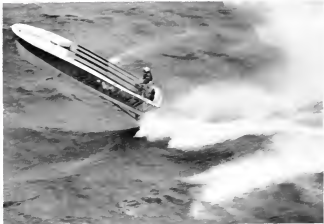
The winner at last and one of the only three to finish was Griffith's old boss, Bertram, in his newest Moppie. Moppie's bad luck was all accounted for two weeks before the race began when a truck carrying her two huge, newly tuned 400-hp diesel engines was stolen from a motel parking lot. They were recovered and reassembled just in time to carry Lucky Moppie to victory in an offshore race as rough as any suicidal old Sam Griffith could have hoped for.

—HUGH WHITTE

1984 PELHAM



*In the first part of a characteristically foreshadowed sequence, John Rawlerson's 30-footer, Ram Rod, takes off at 30 mph from the steep slope of an oncoming wave to become as airborne as any ski jumper.*



*Ram Rod stands motionless on her tail for a moment like a hooked marlin. Then, with a thud that can dislodge one's kidneys or tear an engine off its moorings, she slams down in an explosion of white water.*





*"I've slowed down," says the new general Adolph Rupp as he reflects on 150 victories. But he still feels winning is the purpose of basketball.*

## THE URBANE BARON CONCOCTS ANOTHER SURPRISE

The iron discipline is gone, but Rupp has made his Katzenjammer Kids a strong contender for one more title by JOHN UNDERWOOD

Among the less recognized but most unskinted of the sportswriters of Lexington, Ky. is Nancy Meade, who writes by hand under the auspices of Melissa Fagan's *Red Flash News*, Grade 4, Sayre School. In her editorial last week, Miss Meade pointed out that she was "born here in Lexington and grew up to be one of the biggest fans there ever was and ever will be." Miss Meade said she had tried to cover a recent University of Kentucky basketball game by radio but was unable to complete the job because she fell asleep. "When I woke up the first thing I did was I got the paper, turned to the sports page and looked 'We won! We won!'" Furthermore, wrote Miss Meade, "I hope all Coach Rupp's

fans think he is such a wonderful coach and has such a wonderful team as I do." In closing, she said that her aim in life—presumably after the outgrowth sports-writing—is to be a cheerleader for the Wildcats "if Coach Rupp is still here."

By every recognizable sign, Coach Adolph Rupp, "the Baron" to Kentuckians, was still more than just here last week, and Miss Meade and objective local editorialists like her were enjoying some of the familiarity that has bred content in that part of the country ever since Rupp came to coach 34 years ago; Kentucky was up on top of the Southeastern Conference. Rupp's 700th victory as a coach—achieved over Georgia, 103-83, at Athens—was so thoroughly toasted that you would have thought he had won all 700 singlehanded.

What one formerly happy rival coach called "that very extinguished look" of Rupp's 1963 team, the one that gave him his worst record (16 victories, nine defeats), has become the look of the legendary Kentucky teams of Hagen and Ramsey, Groza and Beard—and that is a murderous look. On Saturday, Kentucky played one of its poorer games of the year and still overwhelmed Mississippi 102-59, for No. 701. It was beginning to look like the 1958 NCAA champions, whom Rupp also coached from obscurity to a title.

But the signs that many Kentucky people do not find familiar at all have to do with Rupp himself. He has quit yelling at referees—on a sustained basis—and has not sharpened his teeth on a sportswriter for years. Those he has no use for he simply ignores. He has delegated more and more authority to his capable assistant coach, Harry Lancaster. He has become more tolerant of his players, even taking a shine to the current cutup sophomore hotshots he calls "the Katzenjammer Kids."

Rupp no longer watches over the team's dietary habits with an iron caloric-counter, and for the first time the players do not cluster together like interns in the same dormitory. On the court he has allowed more offensive free-lancing than ever before. On defense, at Lancaster's urging, he has incorporated a zone; he once vowed never to do such a thing, because he thought zone defenses dulled the game. He gets around this one by calling it a "point" defense or, tongue-in-jowl, "a transitional shifting man-to-man with a hyperbolic paraboloid."

The word most often used to describe Rupp now is "mellowed." It is a bad word, because it connotes a softening of convictions. He still very strongly believes that there is no greater foolishness than the foolish idea that it does not matter whether you win or lose but how you play the game. He says, "How would you like your surgeon to tell you, 'It doesn't matter whether you live or die, it's how I make the cut.'?" Rupp talks and lives in terms of won and lost, and nothing has changed that. But he is also 62 years old now, his blood pressure is way up and he tries to take it easy. He has made sound investments—on Hereford cattle, in tobacco—and he is known for his frugality. Intimates say he is worth three-quarters of a million dollars, and he speaks of retirement at 65 as though it could happen even to him.

"But I like this work," he said the other day in his office. "I'd like to stay as long as I can be of useful service to the university."

He put his feet up on the desk ("better for the blood pressure, you know") and locked his hands behind his head. "There's no question about it. I've slowed down. A lot of things don't worry me, don't irritate me like they used to. I'm not out to conquer the world anymore. Just to win all the basketball games my team plays."

"You wonder sometimes where you might have wound up if you'd done this thing or that," he said. "I had opportunities to go into public relations years ago, and one company wanted me to go to South America. But it's not what you have done or would have done that matters, it's what you want to do. Now, tonight we play Ole Miss. It's exactly the same for me as it was 836 games ago. It's a challenge, and I want to win this one just as bad as the first. I know there'll be 12,000 people there to see it. And I know why they'll be there. They expect us to win."

Space is at a premium on Rupp's cluttered office walls. Pictures show him at friendly grips with Happy Chandler, Lily Pons, Harry Truman, Marilyn Maxwell, Bob Hope. He says he was never out to win any popularity contests, and he has not won many, but 12,000 people at every Kentucky game would rather shake his hand than the President's, and those who know him more than superficially are devoted to him.

Chandler, the former Kentucky governor and commissioner of baseball, has

been his close friend for 25 years and is a dressing room regular. Harry Lancaster has turned down a number of offers to go elsewhere as a head coach. He has been Rupp's assistant since 1946 and is his likely successor, if there is ever to be one. Lancaster is probably the highest-paid assistant basketball coach in the business, for no better reason than the fact that Rupp, at \$18,500 a year, is the highest-paid head coach. Rupp is a covetous, prideful man where his success is concerned, but he readily credits Lancaster for beating him down on the zone defense—"though it's not really a zone," he insists.

The troubles that Rupp has had have come from his being misunderstood—and understood. He has been belligerent and always unnervelessly candid. Characteristically, he gets in the last word. "One of those eastern writers is trying to get people to believe the only reason I win is because I'm an s.o.b.," he said once. "But I know a lot of losers who are s.o.b.s, so that's not the answer."

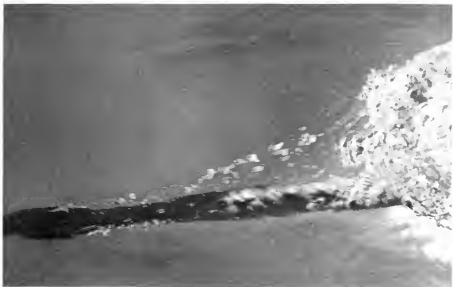
For years he goaded and chafed every Southeastern Conference team that did not give his team a decent contest, and now the league he once called a laughingstock is tough and respected, and he is battling for his life almost every game. He is proud of it. "Basketball is a good product and ought to be played that way," he says. "I believe in preaching the gospel." An opponent of those "silly people" at some SEC schools who "hide behind segregation," Rupp is not far away from setting another precedent by signing a Negro to a Kentucky scholarship. The reason is, to Rupp, the best possible reason: the Negro is an outstanding college prospect.

The Rupp discipline is not as unbending as it once was. "You should have seen him passing out extra sandwiches and dishing up extra cake the night we beat Georgia for No. 700," says one incredulous Kentucky man. But it still beats anything this side of the military academies. It is a no-nonsense regimentation that Kentucky players undergo, but the word was out long ago and they come expecting it. "I played in high school for Cliff Barker," says Cotton Nash, Rupp's current All-America, "and Cliff played for Adolph, also. I knew what to expect. If you want to play for the Yankees you play the Yankee way."

Nash, excellent as a sophomore, was part of a general team breakdown last year, and Rupp's plans for big success

continued on page 52

# DAWN KEEPS CHURNING ALONG



**I**t has been nearly eight years since Australia's swimmers played host at the 1956 Olympic Games in Melbourne and celebrated the fact by giving their guests a sound thrashing. The Olympic pool in Melbourne where the thrashing was meted out does not today stand as an empty reminder of the past. In Australia, pools are for swimming, and the big pool in Melbourne is busier than ever. Knots of attentive mothers huddle in the first rows of the vast auditorium, watching as their children, ages 6 to 19, swim endless hours and countless miles up and down the pool in quest of the form and speed that will win state titles, national titles and, hopefully, eventual Olympic medals. Like ice-skating mothers and horse-show mothers, the

swimming mother is a fanatic, an awesome combination of drill sergeant and drama critic.

At about 11:30 in the morning and again toward the end of the afternoon, six or seven days a week, the Olympic pool receives a different sort of visitor. She arrives alone, carrying a well-used traveling bag, and as she walks to the ladies' dressing room she nods and chats with the youngsters awaiting their turn on the starting blocks. She also looks up with complete scorn at the mothers sitting above her. In five minutes she reappears at poolside in a blue-and-white skintight bathing suit over which she has draped a bright-red towel. When she has found a vacant lane, she puts the towel aside and stands at the water's

edge, all 149 pounds and 5 feet 8½ inches of her. Her name is Dawn Fraser, and she is the greatest woman swimmer in history.

Modern competitive swimming is a demanding, almost ascetic sport in which stars shine at 14 and fade at 18. Dawn Fraser is called Granny by Australian swimmers and officials, for back in the 1956 Olympics, when Australia showed the world how to swim, Dawn Fraser, at 19, was the oldest of the Australian world-beaters. Now, at 26, she is still unbeatable, a lone campaigner out to prove to the world—and to herself—that what a swimmer can do in her teens she can do even better later on.

At the moment nobody is even close to doing better than Dawn. In two



At 26, an age when her contemporaries have long since retired, Australia's Dawn Fraser, the best woman swimmer in history, has her eye on the Tokyo Olympics and more gold medals **by WHITNEY TOWER**

DAVID MOORE



Olympic Games and two British Empire Games she has collected an awesome total of nine gold and six silver medals. At present she is the holder of four world freestyle records, at 100 meters, 110 yards, 200 meters and 220 yards. She is the only woman ever to win the 100-meter sprint in two Olympics, and the first and only woman to break 60 seconds at that distance. No girl in the world has come within 1.8 seconds of her amazing world mark of 59.5.

Today Dawn Fraser is in the final stages of training for the Australian nationals, February 27 to March 1 in Sydney, and the next objective is, of course, the Tokyo Olympics this fall. Nobody in his right mind will be betting against Dawn Fraser in Tokyo, and Dawn her-

self is already thinking about the possibilities of trying for a medal at Mexico City in 1968, when she will be 30 years old. As she sits at poolside brushing back her soaking sandy hair, she sports an almost constant smile. "It wouldn't be impossible, you know, to win a swimming medal at 30," she says. "In the 1956 Olympics a German girl of 31 with three kids won the breaststroke. Thank goodness for me she was a breaststroker, not a freestyler."

Dawn is unmarried and has no particular serious boy friend. She trains because she wants to train, but this does not preclude having fun. She often goes out three or four nights a week, dancing the stomp and the twist, having a Martini before supper and as many as five or

six beers at a party (sometimes she prefers a lime soda). In the morning, if she doesn't feel like it, she'll skip swimming. If she does feel like it, she'll hustle off to the Olympic pool, and there, because she can't get proper competition from any of the other girls in Melbourne, she'll spend an hour beating Australia's best junior boys in a series of 55-yard sprints. Dawn's greatness, while obviously the result of natural ability, is, according to her, just as much the result of her own refreshing philosophy on both training and competition. "I probably have a different mental approach to swimming than most people," she says. "I actually enjoy training most of the time. When I don't want to train, I don't. If it comes, it comes, and I don't force myself. None

*continued*

years ago, when I started swimming seriously, I did absolutely everything my coach, Harry Gallagher, told me to, but then two years ago I began using my own judgment more and more, and we both feel that this arrangement is better. In other words, our relationship is not that of coach and pupil but more like that of brother and sister."

Dawn Fraser has never suffered the lot of so many young swimmers today who are driven relentlessly by overzealous parents. "Many of our girls, like many of yours in the States," Dawn concludes, "start competition at 9 and 10, and when

they lose interest at 15 or 16 it's often because they are driven too hard. I've always believed that the desire must come from within, not as the result of being driven. I wouldn't want my parents coming to the pool to watch me and to be prodding me all the time. I should hate that."

At the age of 5 the young Dawn learned to swim in her native Sydney, where her father, Kenneth Fraser, had a poor-paying job as a shipwright. Mr. Fraser had come to Australia with a visiting Scottish soccer team and stayed on to get married and sire eight children.

Dawn, the youngest of four daughters, was the last of the eight. "My father was interested in sports but didn't care much about swimming one way or the other, even up to the time he died two years ago," Dawn related recently. "My mother is just a good mother who said to me when I was 14, 'If you want to swim you go get yourself to the top.'"

The top seemed out of the question for Dawn. For many years she swam more for play and pleasure than for any serious purpose. Her parents were poor and often sick. Dawn spent most of her childhood staying home to help with the housework. Her brothers all played football, and it was they, rather than her parents, who urged her to take up swimming seriously. Dawn first came to the attention of Coach Gallagher in Sydney's Drummoyne Pool when she was 14. Three years later, in February of 1956, she had her first world record, when she beat a 20-year-old mark by swimming the 100 meters in 1:04.5. That started an almost endless procession of records in national championships as well as in the Melbourne and Rome Olympics and the Empire Games in Cardiff and Perth.

For all her poise, Dawn Fraser admits to being so nervous and tense at times that she can become as forgetful as a novice. "At a meet in Sydney a few years ago," she recalls, "I was peeling off my gym suit when an official put up his hand in front of me. 'Don't lift that jacket any higher,' he said, 'you've forgotten your bathing suit.' I looked down and sure enough he was right. I had no swim suit on. Another time I was thinking so much about a race that when I got on the starters' block I looked down to see that I still had my socks on."

Although she is basically a good-natured girl, Dawn has managed to get into occasional trouble with Australian swimming officials and the press. The most publicized event of her career came about during the 1960 Rome Olympics when she was banned from the team—reportedly for slapping a teammate. According to Dawn, the ban was the result of what she says is typical Australian inefficiency in team organization. "The morning after I won the 100 meters I went into Rome to do some shopping," she says. "I knew the 400-meter relay was on that day, but I had been told I wasn't to swim on our team. When I came back and was just sitting down to lunch in the

continued



ALTHOUGH SHE TRAINS HARD, DAWN OFTEN HAS DATES FOR DANCING AFTER WORK

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Olympic Village they came to tell me the relay was in 45 minutes and I was to swim. Well, I wasn't prepared to swim and didn't. For that they banned me. I realize now I was probably wrong, but at the time I thought I was right and they were wrong in not being better organized. As far as the slapping story is concerned, it is a completely false report. I never slapped a teammate. This story is the result of an exaggeration of a rather minor incident in Rome. We were having a swimming team meeting and during it two of our younger girls were swearing in front of the coach. I picked up a pillow and tossed it at them for mucking things up. Out of that incident came the story that I had slapped one of them. It is untrue."

Today Dawn Fraser lives in her own small apartment in the Melbourne suburb of Clayton. Some time ago she quit her job as a trainee buyer for a department store because she wasn't promoted fast enough to suit her. She promptly went to work as public-relations director for Squashway Proprietary Limited, a general recreation center which has squash courts, trampolines, a gymnasium and a swimming pool. Dawn helps organize groups of youngsters from 8-16 for instruction in many sports, swimming included, but to protect her own amateur standing she does none of the teaching herself.

#### A rugged routine

Dawn spends nearly three hours a day in training, and it is not a patsy routine. It is, indeed, twice as much as either of the world-famous swimmers Tarzans, Johnny Weissmuller and Buster Crabbe, did in their heyday.

The midday workout for Dawn and the members of Coach Gallagher's swim club begins with a slow, easy warmup. As they swim gracefully up and down the length of the pool, Gallagher paces along the sidelines, watching closely and pointing out minor defects in his swimmers' techniques. As Dawn was warming up one day recently, Gallagher waved a hand in her direction. "She has just about perfect style," he said. "Oh, occasionally I detect some difficulty with her shoulders and elbows in the water, but that's all."

On this day, after she had loosened up, Dawn began a series of 55-yard sprints at three-quarter speed. Swimming with her were several eager young boys who

kept egging her on by passing her. Finally Dawn accepted the challenge and tore off one 55-yard dash in 28.7 seconds, leaving the young boys gasping in her wake. "She could have beaten any woman in the world just then," Gallagher said with pride. "and she was only using 90% effort."

Following the sprints, Dawn practiced racing turns and push-offs for the rest of the morning. That, as Dawn put it, concluded the "easy basic work." It is not until the afternoon session that she really gets down to business. First she zips through a series of 16 55-yard sprints at an average speed of 38 seconds each. Then she does 16 more, kicking only. She finishes up by swimming half a mile in leisurely fashion. When this is over, she returns home, perhaps to get ready for a date.

Though her training habits may seem happy-go-lucky, Dawn Fraser goes about the business of swimming with a fierce intensity, and chances are all the lime sodas in Australia will not keep her away from Tokyo and the Olympics this fall. She regards the 18-year-old American Robyn Johnson, and Sweden's Ann Hugberg, 16, as her major competition but there is little doubt in her mind that she will win at least one gold medal. "The 100 meters is definitely my goal," she says. "I'll try out for the 400 meters too, and they may want to use me in the relay, but a victory in the 100 is what I really want. After that, who knows? I may retire if I get tired of it all, but then again, if I feel I can still improve, I might point toward the Empire Games of 1966 and even the 1968 Olympics."

Whatever Dawn Fraser decides, she has already outlasted a lot of other famous swimming names. Australian Lorraine Crapp, who, like Dawn, won two gold and one silver medal at the 1956 Games, left the swimming scene four years ago. Ilsa Konrad, another Australian, who set six world records at 15, has fallen behind the ever-quickening pace America's Chris von Saltza, who came along four years after Dawn, is now a teaching pro at 18, another victim of a demanding sport in which the stale taste of chlorine and rigor of training too often wears out young girls and boys before they are 20.

But Dawn Fraser persists, the wise young grandmother of competitive swimming, happy in her play and, perhaps because of it, happy in her work. **END**

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It is a magic moment for Charles Goren when the fresh, crisp cards of a new deck are spread and players cut for partners. After a lifetime of bridge—from demanding tournament competition to social rubbers with presidents and princes—the most renowned player and teacher in history still plays the game for fun. More than that, he believes it should be played only for that purpose. In the series of articles that begins here, Goren contends this approach will vastly improve the game of players of all ranks, from amateur to expert. To prove it, he has distilled his decades of experience into a few astonishingly simple rules and principles. They cover far more than the expectable aspects of bridge, such as bidding and play. Goren will demonstrate how the efficiency of any partnership can be improved; how—and why—nearly all of today's complex conventions can be scrapped; how, in short, everyone can enjoy bridge as much as Charles Goren does and be a more successful player, too.

## Goren's New Formula for Easier and Better Bridge

BY CHARLES GOREN WITH JACK OLSEN



**THE SUPREME MOMENT** Partner has put down her hand after you and she have bid a grand slam in hearts. But can you make it? The opening lead is the queen of diamonds.

♠ K  
♠ J  
♠ 8  
♠ 7  
♥ 6  
♥ 5  
♥ 2  
♣ 7  
♦ Q  
♦ J  
♦ 9  
♦ 8  
♦ 4



A Q 3 K Q 10 9 3 2 A 10 7 2  
♠ ♠ ♠ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♣ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦



4 2 A J 8 7 A K Q 10 9 6 5  
 ♠ ♠ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣



10 9 6 5 4 J 8 5 4 3 2 K 6 3  
 ♠ ♠ ♠ ♠ ♥ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♦ ♦ ♦



## PART 1: THROW OUT THE FADS AND GIMMICKS

When I was studying law at McGill University, a girl taught me how to play bridge. "Just follow suit," she said. "If you can't, you discard or you trump." So I followed suit and, when I couldn't, I discarded or I trumped. At the end of the afternoon I was down about 4,000 points and that lovely, intelligent, desirable girl was laughing at me.

You might suppose that I now look back in anger at my first bridge teacher. Well, no, I don't. In the first place, she had made me so ashamed that I went home that summer and practically memorized a book on bridge, thus inadvertently taking the first step toward a life of all play and no work. What's more, I now realize that her simple instructions to me were the essence of what one should tell a beginner. Just follow suit. If you can't, you discard or you trump. You can't expect a first-timer to assimilate much more than that, at least for a few rubbers.

But consider the same situation as it might happen today. A mythical Charles Goren, McGill class of '64, wants to learn bridge.

"Well, Charlie," his beautiful girl friend (I'm making up this mythical situation, and I say she's beautiful) tells him, "it's simple. First let's talk about bidding. Suppose your partner opens the bidding with one club."

"That means he has a lot of clubs in his hand, right?" interrupts the precocious mythical Charles Goren, McGill '64.

"No, not exactly. Maybe he's playing the Neapolitan Club—"

"Which means?"

"That he has at least 17 points in high cards, but not necessarily any good clubs."

"Well, that's confusing," says young Goren, "and anyway, why would anybody want to reach all the way to Naples for a system? Wouldn't they be more likely to use some American system like the—"

"The Schenken system?" she interrupts. "Well, under the Schenken system an opening bid of one club might mean you hold more than half the high cards in the deck."

"And good clubs, of course?"

"No, it doesn't mean a thing about clubs."

"Now I'm beginning to catch on," says the mythical Charles Goren, McGill '64. "If my partner opens a club, it has nothing to do with clubs. It just means he has a good hand."

"Yes and no," she says, a touch of irritation crossing her

gorgeous face. "An opening bid of one club can also mean that your hand is just average but you've got a real good club suit. So you open a club."

Mythical Goren thinks, ponders, frets, puzzles and wonders. Finally he announces: "I've got it! Yes, it's all clear to me! If you have good clubs, you open one club. But if you don't have good clubs, you open one club."

"Don't get smart with me!"

"But that's exactly what you said!"

The smoke clears, peace is waged and poor mythical Goren is slowly taught the Neapolitan Club, the Schenken Club, the Reeman Club and the Standard American Club, at which point he explains to his friend that he feels he has mastered the various meanings of a one-club opening bid.

"What makes you think you've mastered them?" she snorts. "There are 37 more!"

The mythical Charles Goren, McGill '64, flings the deck into the air and stalks off into the night, destined—alas—to go through life as a professional player of Mille Bornes. He will never understand Mille Bornes either, but at least that card game doesn't have any clubs to figure out.

If you get the impression from this little flight of fancy that I am not a fan of all the artificial, meaningless, useless embroideries that are slowly covering up the rich tapestry of contract bridge, you are beginning to get the correct impression. Woodrow Wilson talked about "open covenants openly arrived at" some 50 years ago, but the phrase remains the best description of accurate, informative bidding. Not only is clear, natural bidding best for dunderheads—which is a minor argument on its behalf—but it is also best for the most brilliant players on earth. And I firmly believe that if I had been confronted with some of today's three-for-a-melk bidding systems when I first sat down at a bridge table in Canada more years ago than it is decent to divulge, I would never have learned the game. It simply would have been more trouble than it would have been worth. Which brings us to the most important point about modern contract bridge. It may seem a naive and even stupid point, but I'll run the risk of offending you and make the point anyway:

Bridge is for fun.

You should play the game for no other reason. You should not play bridge to make money, to show how smart you are, to show how stupid your partner is, to prove that you are the greatest teacher since

*continued*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MEEK

Illustrating the welter of confusing systems currently in bridge fashion are five different artificial bids called for by some experts with the hand shown at left. Says Goren: the accurate, natural, informative bid is two spades.

Socrates, to show off the latest fad in bidding or to prove any of the several hundred other things that bridge players are so often trying to prove.

You should play the game for fun. The instant you find yourself playing the game for any other reason, you should rack it up and go on to something else—court tennis, maybe, or old maid. Anything but bridge.

I happen to be a sports fanatic; there is hardly a Bowl game, a Stanley Cup playoff, a World Series game or a championship fight that I haven't seen either in the flesh or parked in front of my faithful television set. But the biggest thrill, and the most fun, for me remains the same as it was 30 years ago: to walk into a pleasant home with congenial companions and sit down to an evening of bridge. There you enshroud yourself in the bridge mystique: the soft lighting that shines just right on your 150 honors; the sharpened pencils for marking down your redoubled slams; the square yard of felt that gives a little when you slap down your aces and stagger the opposition with your *not just*: "Not through the Iron Duke!" You may think I'm overemphatic about the accoutrements of the game, but to me the atmosphere is almost as important as the cards.

A goodly portion of the charm of bridge is in your companions, your fellow aficionados of the game. I've always found that the bridge player is more interesting than the average person, and it stands to reason. All other things being equal, the person who does some thinking, who accepts some sort of intellectual challenge, is bound to be more scintillating than the drone who orders his life by the numbers.

If you agree and already are having fun, then be advised that the sharper your game gets, the stiffer the competition, the more skilled and intelligent the company, the more fun you'll have. First, however, you'd better stop and check and make sure that you're playing bridge, contract bridge, the game as she was invented, more or less, by Harold Vanderbilt some 35 years ago. I was reminded of all this a while back. I was in an anteroom waiting to be interviewed by a radio announcer, something I have undergone at least 500 times in my life. The interviewer came in and said, "O.K., Mr. Goren, let's rehearse."

"Rehearse?" I said. "Can't we just go on cold? You ask the questions and I'll answer them."

"No, sir," he said. "I find it's best to rehearse first."

So we began the rehearsal. The announcer introduced himself, cleared his throat, introduced me as Charles Goren of Miami Beach, cleared his throat again and asked his first question in pear-shaped tones:

"Tell me, Mr. Goren, do you play bridge?"

The question amused me for several weeks, until I realized that it was not so ridiculous after all. One night I was kibitzing a big local tournament and, after watching play for a couple of hours, I realized that three-quarters of the people there were not playing contract bridge. Oh, they thought they were. They knew how to count points. They knew how many it takes to open, to respond, to jump, to jump-shift; they knew how many points made game in a major, game in a minor, slam and grand slam. But for the most part they were not there to play bridge. Or, to put it

another way: they were playing bridge, but playing bridge was not the real reason they were there. Some of them had fallen for one of the new gimmick systems and were spending the evening baffling opponents and partners alike with bids that nobody understood and that, if understood, would not have been wise bids anyway. That is not bridge; it is mnemonics. Others were following all the old-chestnut rules: cover an honor with an honor, second hand low, third hand high, never finesse your partner, and a good cigar is a smoke. That is not bridge; it is slavery. Then there were the usual tyrannical players, blowing their tops at partners who had failed to return their leads. That is not bridge, it is sadism. And their partners would sit patiently and take all this abuse. That is not bridge, it is masochism.

Of all the failings I noticed, the most common was a childlike faith in points and the point-count system. What's that you are asking? You are asking if it could be possible that after all these years of drumming the point-count system into our heads he's now going to tell us to forget it? Not in the least. But I am going to suggest that you supplement point count with some good old common sense. I've been saying that for years, too, but apparently not everybody has been listening. Too many players are lazily counting their hands and then letting what they consider the point-count system dictate their bids. But one thing the system does not specify: it does not insist that you abandon all the workings of your cerebral cortex and your medulla oblongata, not to mention your eyes and your ears.

The paradoxical fact about bridge as it is being played these days is that many players are ruining their game by trying far too much far too soon. Suppose I told you that you could simplify your game immeasurably and *at the same time improve it immeasurably*. Suppose I told you that the more bridge complexities, subtleties and nuances you try to cram into your game the worse your game is going to be (unless you're in the top thousand-or-so players). Suppose I had the colossal gall to charge you with spending too much of your bridge energy trying to perfect superduper devices that are not worth learning and at the same time failing to learn basic techniques that make the difference between winners and losers. Suppose I told you all that. Would you be insulted? Would you read on?

O.K., now that we're rid of the hotheads, let's be more specific. The average American bridge player has, among others, the following faults:

He gives away thousands of points a year with stereotyped, predictable bidding and play.

He often doubles when he shouldn't, and more often fails to double when he should.

He rigidly obeys rules that are nothing more than general guidelines intended for the rankest of beginners.

He engages in repetitious mannerisms, right down to such minor matters as the way he sorts his cards, thereby giving valuable information to experienced opponents.

He persists in attempting plays he doesn't understand, at the same time failing to try plays he does understand (and which have just as good a mathematical chance of success).

He treats his partner like a lackey or allows his partner to treat him like one, in either case destroying the calm,



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warm rapport that spells points to any team on any level.

He considers only his own hand and tries to turn bridge into a singles event.

And many others, each of which we will get to later.

The starting point for correcting these deficiencies is the advice of that great contract bridge teacher, Plato. Whereas most players think that better bridge means learning more and more conventions and more and more razzle-dazzle plays, better bridge really begins with "know thyself." It is exactly the same as golf. I may have a perfect lie for a four-wood, but the four-wood is a club that history has shown I can't handle. So I put it away regretfully and use a three-iron and wind up 20 yards short of the green. But I'm not disturbed. With the four-wood I'd have wound up 20 yards *past* the green—the *other* green. By knowing myself on the golf course, knowing what clubs I can handle and what clubs I can't, I will wind up with a 6 on this hole, which is better than my average.

Now, take yourself at the bridge table. You are playing a contract that has a 50-50 chance of making with a finesse. But another possible approach comes to your mind: a double squeeze with a dummy reversal. Which approach do you try? If you understand finessing better than you understand double-squeeze-with-dummy-reversing, stick with the 50-50 and you'll come out far ahead in the long pull. Fight down the urge to try the gaudy, fancy play until you have a better idea of what you are doing.

In addition to understanding your own bridge game, your own strengths and weaknesses, you must try to figure out your partner's game. Is he an overbidder or an underbidder? Can he read signals? If so, what signals? There's no point in giving him a signal he doesn't understand. The opponents might understand and become the only ones to profit. And therein lies another fundamental of bridge:

*Play your partner's game, especially if you know more about bridge than he does.*

In certain types of games, notably rubber bridge and money bridge, knowing more than your partner can hurt you badly. I have had an inordinate amount of good fortune in individual events where every time you turn around you find yourself with a strange partner and soon it becomes a case of adapt or perish. One reason for my happy record in individual play is an ability to sense very quickly the weaknesses and deficiencies in my new partner's game. Many times there were superior bids available to me, bids that would have stood them on their ears in the Saturday night game at the Regency Club. But more often than not I would refrain from such big league bids because I knew my partners wouldn't grasp them. I won the *Chicago Tribune's* individual tournament three years out of five (the normal expectancy would be to win it about one year out of 40) not because of the hipper-dipper bids and plays I made but because of the ones I declined to make. All around me were the hotshots of bridge, making dazzling, false cue bids, Texas transfers and South African slip-under leads, and across from them were sitting strange partners whose faces were the perfect personification of a single word:

"Huh?"

The fact is that stripping your game back to essentials can produce winning bridge in any circle, not just in cut-around rubber games or open-to-the-public individual events. Your mind simply doesn't have to be awash with Italian artificialities and short clubs and Landy conventions and weak two-bids and all the other rigmarole of the collector of conventions. Most of my teaching has been based on the premise that an uncluttered game is the most brilliant. I've played with more partners than anybody in the history of bridge—on footlockers in baseball dressing rooms, on airplanes crossing the Atlantic, in the salons of Europe and the one-room walk-ups of South Philadelphia, in stuffy auditoriums and television studios, and I have found that any partner could understand my game and with hardly any exceptions I could understand his. Once somebody called me the Simple Simon of bridge, I said, "Thank you very much. I appreciate the compliment."

The complex Simons of bridge, the players who rush from convention to convention and system to system, give me a pain, not merely because they are slowing down their own progress toward genuine bridge skill but because they make life so unpleasant for everybody else. The average player who arrives at a tournament with a long list of artificial conventions is spending too much time trying to win instead of trying to have fun. The irony is he'll wind up doing neither. This sort of player is a burden to himself, his partners and his opponents. He is like the pseudosophisticate who sits down to his first Chinese meal and insists on using chopsticks. If somebody doesn't set him straight, he is going to starve midway between the shark's-fin soup and the egg rolls.

It might be said that it's his business if he wants to encumber himself with tool kits bigger than he can use. But it isn't merely his business; we're in the game, too. He may choose to play all sorts of murky conventions—which is his privilege. But we, as his opponents, are forced to learn his conventions in self-defense. And that, to me, is ridiculous.

Some bridge players use conventions the way a certain lady used pancakes. She told the psychiatrist that she felt fine but that her family had ordered her to see him. "Why?" asked the doctor.

"They said I liked pancakes too much," the patient answered.

"There's nothing wrong with that. I like 'em myself."

"Oh, you do?" the woman gushed. "Well, you must come right over to my house. I've got a closetful!"

I know players who have a closetful of conventions and a head full of swirling confusions and a genuine need to see a psychiatrist. In tournament bridge I am constantly facing opponents whose lists of conventions reach across the river and into the trees. That's one reason I cut down on my intense schedule of tournament play. It was just too wearying to play against "experts" who didn't know what day of the week it was and yet were announcing all the fancy gimmicks they were going to play. More than once I had to choke back an urge to say, "Don't bother explaining your conventions to me. Explain 'em to yourselves!"

*continued*

If I were cutting into a game with players I didn't know, I would restrict myself to a single convention: Blackwood. And even this old standby can cause havoc. It is used about three times more often than necessary, as Easley Blackwood himself has often pointed out. A lot of players seem to think that it's illegal, immoral and fattening to bid slam without first making the Blackwood calls for aces and kings. Once a woman dropped me at five spades when we held a sure slam. "You didn't ask me for aces," she explained later.

After years of experiences like that, I developed a theory about the Blackwood Convention and its overuse. Basically, Blackwood is the pet of the frustrated married woman. She's been led around by her husband and now she has a device with which to retaliate. She bids four no trump, and that big hully of a know-it-all husband is forced to reply in a predetermined manner. She's got him right where she wants him; she's running the show, for a change, and even though she doesn't need to know how many kings he has, she pushes on to a five-no-trump call, just to make him suffer. (Often as not, he'll hold one king and bid six diamonds; their suit will be clubs; so she'll be forced to bid seven clubs and she'll go down one. But she's already had her fun.)

I can't warn you too emphatically to keep out of Blackwood when you don't need to be there. Remember, there are four other ears tuned to those revealing responses your partner is making, and what they learn may be more important on defense than what you learn on offense. Perhaps the most accurate way to approach the Blackwood bid is to bear in mind that it is not made for the purpose of seeing if slam is there, but to see if a *doe*. You are trying to find out if opponents can win two quick tricks, not whether you can make six or seven yourself. Everything I've said about Blackwood is also true of the Gerber Convention. Gerber is merely Blackwood in a special economy package, and as such it can be extremely useful on about 5% of your slams. But make sure your partner understands the bid and the responses.

At the other end of the spectrum, of course, we have the terrified type of player who thinks that simplicity means obeying a certain set of rules and never deviating from them. I can hear such partners provided that a) I find out about them before too much harm is done to our partnership, and b) they keep quiet when I violate one of their sacred tenets. But I must admit to seeing red, burnt orange and cerise when one of these players says to me after the opposition makes a tough contract. "Well, after all, partner, you *did* lead low from a doubleton king! After that there was no way to set them." This is the kind of addle-headed idiot who must follow the old bromides to the letter because there is nothing between his ears to take their place. He plays bridge by rote. I usually contain myself, but what I want to do is spear him with a cruel stare and then state with total calmness: "I know your rules, partner, I used to follow them myself, in the first three days I played bridge. I know you never lead low from a doubleton king. And I know you never lead a king from a king-low doubleton. Those are wonderful rules, and now are

wise to follow them. But there are some contracts that can be set only by underleading the doubleton king. And there are others that can be set only by a lead of the king from king-small. In fact, partner, I would classify those leads as two basic tools on defense. I would explain these situations to you, but you would never understand." And he wouldn't. Or else he wouldn't be playing Old Maxim Bridge.

Annoying as the rote player may be, he is topped by the man who plays *his* hand, *his* whole hand and nothing but *his* hand. He is not the least concerned by the fact that he has a partner and that the partner is also holding 13 cards. This bird may refuse to open with 14 points ("I didn't like the looks of them, partner") or he may open a hand with 10 points ("I really didn't have a bid, but that spade suit looked so good"). As his unfortunate partner, you will open one heart with a hand counting 21 points, intending to jump on the next round, but there won't be a next round because Old Bullhead over there, holding seven points, will pass ("it didn't look like we had any kind of fit").

Or if he has a long suit, he will bid it all night before letting you have the contract in your own longer, stronger suit. He reckons that six solid hearts in his own hand are far better than eight solid spades in the partnership, especially when one considers that he will be playing the hearts and everybody knows that's worth two tricks right there. So he goes down three in his suit, where a game in your suit was a laydown. Only once have I ever seen such a partner subdued, and it took a little bold coffeehousing to do it. The bidding went:

South (Old Bullhead): One heart.

North: One spade.

South: Two hearts.

North: Two spades.

South: Three hearts.

North: Three spades!

South: Four hearts.

North: I bid the fourth and last spade!

I have painted this type of player in loud colors, and probably you don't recognize anything about him in yourself. But there is a bit of Old Bullhead in all of us; we all tend to play and bid our 13 cards as if they were the entire deck. Take a typical situation. How would you react if you picked up the following hand:

♦ 9 6 4 3    ♥ 2    ♠ A 9 8 2    ♣ A J 6 6

Well, it's not the *Mow Law*, is it? It counts 10 points on the surface of it, but 11 of its 13 cards appear to be sure losers. Despite its 10 points, the hand is only 1½ tricks better than a Yarborough, and many a player would sort the cards, yawn gapingly and say, "C'mon, c'mon, whose bid is it?" showing everybody at the table that this is one hand he'd like to get over quickly.

But if you'll take another look at that hand you'll see that there is absolutely no way to evaluate it until your partner has had a chance to bid. If he bids anything, this



NORTH			
♠ K Q J 3			
♥ 10 5			
♦ A 10 8 4			
♣ K Q 5			
EAST			
♠ A 7 2			
♥ A Q 8 6 4			
♦ Q 8			
♣ 10 9 7			
SOUTH			
♠ 9 6 4 3			
♥ 2			
♦ K 9 3 2			
♣ A J 6 1			
WEST			
♠ 10 8			
♥ K J 9 7 3			
♦ J 7 6			
♣ K 3 2			
NORTH			
1 ♠			
1 ♥			
PASS			
SOUTH			
PASS			
1 ♥			
PASS			
WEST			
2 ♥			
PASS			
NORTH			
DOUBLE			
4 ♣			

motif of nothing suddenly begins to look decent. If partner bids one spade, the hand looks strong. And if he opens with a two demand, you're holding a powerhouse.

As it turned out when this hand was held in the South position during a tournament, the bidding began as follows:

EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
1 ♠	PASS	2 ♥	DOUBLE
3 ♥			
PASS			

At this point South had to make a complete re-evaluation of that handful of nothing he had been feeling so gloomy about. Off the bidding, it had now become apparent that East and West had a pile of hearts and apparently little else. South's lone heart, therefore, was money in the bank; it promised only a single heart loser, no matter how many hearts the enemy had. South's next problem was to figure out what his partner was holding. At this stage of the bidding, he marked North for 16 points. The logic was simple: a double of one shows at least the equivalent of an opening bid, or about 13 points; therefore North's double of two should be at least one trick better than an opening bid, or about 16 points. Now South could begin to add points: 16 in the North hand and 10 in his own. It seemed to add up to game, and left South with but two problems: how to show North that his hand was better than it had sounded so far in the bidding, and how to find out North's best suit. Take another look at South's hand and see if you can figure out his bid.

His bid was four hearts, and if you figured it correctly, you are a sound bridge player. That bid of four hearts is right out of major league competition. North went to four spades, and the contract was made easily. The four hands are shown in the diagram above.

The lessons in this hand are many and varied. South's unpromising cards turned out to be the balance of power even in the face of two adverse bids. But had South been the kind of player who cannot see past his own cards, he'd have declined to bid freely on the grounds that the future

looked bleak. After all, there was an intervening bid to take him off the hook. (Such myopic partners, when they hold weakness, are always looking for an excuse to pass out the contract; when they hold strength, they won't let go till they have had the last word, no matter how high the level.)

The hand also illustrates why one cannot always go precisely by the book—whether it be one of my books or anybody else's. South's cue bid of four hearts was "against the book." Such a bid is supposed to show first-round control of the suit, and South did have a loser. But he also had a brain; he could see that there was a game in the two hands, despite all the frantic bidding by East and West. And he knew that North would never realize there was a game unless the South hand did something bold and aggressive. So he made a phony cue bid, and virtue was rewarded. You say you agree that the bidding was strong and imaginative, but you also feel that it was dangerous? Ah, but it was not half so dangerous, in the long run, as treating such a hand with disdain from the beginning.

I hope that this has shown you that there are no bridge rules that can't be broken, no bad hands that can't be upgraded into better hands, no situations that can't be improved by the addition of a little old-fashioned horse sense, no 100's, Du's and no 100's; *Dow's*. Nothing is absolute in bridge, except certain partners who remind me of the man who said: "Only a fool is certain about things."

"Are you sure about that?" asked a friend.

"Absolutely certain!"

One sad fact of bridge is that there have to be losers, and I'm afraid there is absolutely nothing you and I can do about them. There are always going to be millions of bridge players who will never make an end play, an uppercut or a squeeze in their lives, except accidentally; there are millions who, after the second lead, won't have the foggiest idea what cards have dropped; millions whose biggest achievement is that once in a while, when it really matters, they will count trumps right down to the last trick and only be one or two off in their count, millions whose slogan should be "An opening bid facing an opening bid produces down one." What are we to do with them?

Nothing. Let them slumber. If it weren't for all those losers, what would we winners be? Losers—that's what. But come to think of it, I could never be a loser. It is, in fact, impossible, and all because of a tip given to me years ago by George S. Kaufman. It was George who pointed out that you could always hold good cards merely by sitting South. "No matter who writes the books or articles," he said, "South holds the most terrific cards that I ever saw. There is a lucky fellow if I ever saw one."

Ever since then, I have always sat South. That is the secret of my success, and I pass it along to you for whatever it is worth.

## NEXT WEEK: BID BOLDLY

A forgotten fundamental of bridge is this: the nervous bidder is punished for timidity far more than the brave bidder for boldness. Goren tells how to capitalize on this basic fact.

"It was much more fun in '96," mused Sir George Robertson, 90, who won a fourth in the shotput, a sixth in the discus and an olive branch from the King for reciting a Greek ode of his own composition in the first modern Olympiad in Athens. "There was no official team then. We went out under our own steam and entered events as we chose. That was how I came to be in the tennis. I was passing the courts and discovered there was no British entry so I put my name down—though I should not have dared enter the most modest tournament back home."

Everybody knows that Fidel Castro is a baseball fan. What they don't know is that the rules tend to change slightly when the Maximum Leader steps up to the plate (below). Last week, before a crowd of 35,000, he did just that to inaugurate Cuba's new ama-

teur season, ran his count up to one ball and three (that's right, three) strikes, took a cut at the ball on what would have been the fourth strike and poked an easy liner past the second baseman—who didn't bother to field it. Under Castro rules, everything Fidel touches is automatically fair and a base hit.

A four-girl relay team called the Rinky Dinks won applause and not very much else at Fort Worth's Will Rogers Indoor Games last week. But the team's coach and sponsor, Texas Millionaire Tammy Mercer, who owns a few oil wells, a beer business and two minor league ball clubs (the Dallas Rangers and the Fort Worth Cats), was not disheartened. "I always tried to support this Fort Worth meet," he explained, "and I noticed last year they had only about three girls' teams, so I tol 'em I had a li'l ol' girl who

was pretty fast so I'd just get up a team to help out." The li'l ol' girl—Mercer's 11-year-old daughter Christy—and three friends worked out under Mercer's eye on the family driveway, and if they didn't do so well in the meet as they hoped, it was not for lack of trying. "They were runnin' against girls three years older," said Christy's father. "They scarcely came up to the shoulders of the other teams."

After four years of speeding through the nation's living rooms, TV's top sports-car driver, Martin Milner, has finally reached the end of Route 66 and turned in his dust-covered Corvette. His first act as a pedestrian? To plank down \$1,200 for a brand-new motorcycle.

While the sun shone on the ski slopes of Innsbruck, the glory of France rested on the slim and shapely shoulders of the sisters Goitschel. But when night fell it became the responsibility of the Gallic Minister of Sports, Maurice Herzog. Despite his comparative old age (45) and a certain shortness of fingers and toes incurred in a victorious encounter with the Himalayan peak Annapurna I, Minister Herzog, with the help of his partner, Princess Ira von Fürstenburg, 23, was adjudged the top twister of the Winter Games.

It was not clear whether they would be looking for fugitive tailbacks for the AFL, gangsters on the lam from another decade or just some new talent for tired old TV. Whatever the game they had in mind, football's Joe Foss, TV's Robert (Elliot Ness) Stack, and the latter's former

boss, ABC-TV President Tom Moore, were all joining that old jungle clubman, William Holden, to hunt it in darkest Africa.

The economy move at the White House may have gone further than most people think. When he was asked to join a preluncheon swim in the basement pool, Broadcasting Executive Leonard Goldenson excused himself on the grounds that he had no bathing suit. "What bathing suit?" asked host Lyndon Johnson. "Here we go bare."

In what seemed an unladylike rush to get to the Tokyo Olympics on time, Venus de Milo, the most beautiful body of all, left her pedestal in the Louvre, took a bath in olive oil and departed Paris by train for Marseille to board the ship which will take her to Japan.

A great name emerged from the halcyon past of professional wrestling to help flabby Americans get fit without fighting. Gargantuan, hairless Stanislaus Zbyszko, who whipped and was whipped by Strangler Lewis for the heavyweight championship in the '20s, took out a patent with his brother Wladek for a tilt-table exerciser on which the subject could either sit or lie.

It was nothing like Cyprus or Zanzibar, but the signs of unrest on the tiny Channel island of Sark were nonetheless unmistakable. After years of patient frustration, the male dogs of the island were going on a biting rampage, presumably in protest against an ancient law which gives the 80-year-old Dame of Sark sole right among all the islanders to own a bitch.





## England's two-boat try for the cup

The new 'Sovereign,' shown right at her launching, must compete with another for the right to challenge

A long-familiar landmark is gone from the heart of London these days. In place of the marble lions that once crouched in front of the Royal Thames Yacht Club's Victorian facade at 60 Knightsbridge Street is a modern glass structure, not unlike office buildings rising everywhere. Yet even the most casual passer-by turns to have a second look. For, guarding the chrome-bound entrance doors is a pair of muzzle-loading cannons mounted on the wheeled carriages of Nelson's day, while the gaff of a wooden mast on the sidewalk flies the burgee of the Royal Thames.

Rising costs forcing uncomfortably higher dues caused the club to move into three upper floors in the new building, and while it is still too early to predict whether this willingness to jettison tradition will have any bearing on the 19th challenge for the America's Cup, there are signs of interesting developments.

First and foremost is the certainty that the Royal Thames will set two new boats competing against each other for the right to meet a defender off Newport next September. There has never been any doubt that the down-to-the-wire competition among American candidates was the most vital single element in sharpening boats and crews for the cup matches. As Group Captain Ernest F. Haylock, one of the deans of British sailing, puts it: "Perhaps *Sceptre* wasn't all that bad in '58. Part of our trouble was lack of appreciation of what we were up against. I don't think your side realized what could be done in im-



proving 12s until John Matthews' determined effort with *Vau* and Bus Mosbacher's helmsmanship aboard *Columbia* forced the latter to go all out."

Now the Royal Thames Yacht Club will be conducting its own trials, paralleling those of the New York Yacht Club, and it will be the winner that will become the challenger. The first of the new boats, *Sovereign*, owned by Anthony Boyden, was launched in July of last summer, and sailed some 25 informal races against *Scythe* and prewar boats. In her first exercises on short courses around the Solent, her failure to distinguish herself gave rise to ugly comments. A succession of skippers had a go at the helm, and her first suit of sails, cut by a dinghy specialist with no experience in the larger classes, "looked like last Monday's wash," according to one qualified observer. Yet Hugh Somerville, editor of *The Yachtsman*, who crewed regularly on the former challenger, felt the new candidate's failure lay in handling rather than potential: "Whenever *Sovereign* got her wind clear she went faster than *Scythe*. She is a much faster boat—there isn't any doubt about it."

At present the afterguard of *Sovereign* is expected to consist of Erik Maxwell, Peter Scott and Bruce Banks, with Anthony Boyden directing activities from a power cruiser. Maxwell, last summer's helmsman and present owner of *Scythe*, has had limited competitive experience in 12s but is respected as a driver. He impressed many observers with his starts and tactics in the tests of last year. Peter Scott is not only an experienced campaigner and president of the august International Yacht Racing Union, but is also one of the finest living painters of waterfowl. His assignment probably will be navigation, but a deskbound journalist who has never seen the fogs of Narragansett Bay has suggested quite seriously that Scott's experience watching the flight of birds would undoubtedly be useful in ascertaining position. Bruce Banks is a dinghy champion and Prince of Wales Cup winner who is making his initial transition to bigger boats.

Yet the key to the performance of *Sovereign* may well be out of the cockpit, in the personality and management of her owner, Anthony Boyden. There is some feeling that he may not give his challenger what she needs in the way of the best available sails and equipment. "Tony runs the boat like a business-

man," was one comment. "He mentally puts everything out to tender. I sympathize, but after you get into this thing is no time for half measures." Last summer's opportunity for practice and improvement, say many critics, was in many ways wasted. Having another 12 competing for the right to challenge may provide exactly the proper stimulus.

The second boat is named *Karewa V*, which in Australian aboriginal means "fast-swimming fish." She is scheduled to be launched on Friday the 13th of March—another flouting of tradition—and probably will be on time since, according to eluh-bar scuttlebutt, her builders have agreed to a no-payment clause if she is not in the water by April. The surprising thing about *Karewa* to yachtsmen on both sides of the Atlantic was that David Boyd, designer of the unsuccessful *Scythe* and the new *Sovereign*, was also chosen to design the second challenger. Asked why, those in the know could give only one answer: time. When it was decided to undertake construction of *Karewa* last fall, David Boyd was the only naval architect with plans ready to go. Suffering keenly from the debacle of Newport in '58, Boyd has thought and worked unceasingly ever since on 12-meter data. He has tank-tested extensively and mulled over every aspect of design. Even after the launching of *Sovereign* he continued his studies.

There seems to be no objection by English yachtsmen to the arrangement. "After all, old Charlie Nicholson turned out a dog in *Shamrock V*, his first try at a J boat," commented Hugh Somerville, "but then he came back with *Endeavour I*, which everyone agrees should have lifted the cup." And Teddy Haylock added to his remarks about the value of competitive trials by observing: "Suppose you had shifted the sails and crew of *Columbia* to *Scythe* for a couple of races. Do you think there would have been so much difference between the two? Relative speed in match races is a combination of many factors, and here we are only considering hulls."

It is expected that *Karewa V* will differ very little from her older sister, except perhaps in keel form and weight. *Sovereign* employs the wedge shape that Olin Stephens used in *Columbia* after extensive tank tests for the '62 trials. Some critics at Newport felt it had slowed the champion from her '58 performance, but here again one comes up against the

continued



delicate balance of factors, including the human, when dealing with 12s. In any case, *Karewa V* goes back to a more conventional form, and through saving of weight elsewhere is rumored to have 1,500 pounds more lead down deep, a big potential plus.

The second most surprising thing



OWNER BOYDEN contemplates the wedged keel of his boat while his wife gazes aloft

about the new boat is her financing by a pair of brothers from Australia. From a baronial mansion hung with masterpieces of art, Frank and John Livingston survey a domain of grazing and farm country in Queensland almost as limitless as the surrounding sea, but they are far from land-bound. As joint owners of the previous *Karewas*, they possess one of the most impressive records in down-under ocean racing, for a time holding both the trans-Tasman and Sydney-Hobart course records. One year they made a 20,000-mile round trip to California to sail the Honolulu Race, with a sister along as cook. In '58, watching *Columbar* and *Scythe*, they succumbed to the America's Cup virus, a disease that assumes many strange forms.

This fall in England, where the brothers pass approximately three months each year, they expressed willingness to underwrite an English boat if they did not

have to assume the expense and problems of campaigning. Owen Asher, president of the 5.5-meter-class association, former owner of *Scythe's* trial horse *Enaiv* and the possessor of perhaps the most extensive background in 12s of any English yachtsman, readily agreed to the offer. So it was arranged that the Livingstons would pay for hull and rig but Owen Asher would take full control on launching. The destiny of the boat and the challenge, therefore, remain wholly in the hands of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, without any Australian overtones. However, at the end of the season *Karewa V* will revert to the Livingstons—a provision that leads many to speculate that this may be but a step in a 10-year program leading to a personal challenge reputedly outlined by the Livingstons at Newport in 1958.

Owen Asher commands almost unanimous respect as an organizer and a man capable of attaining his goals. Not only a "teckosally successful" businessman in London's terms, not Hollywood's, he achieved his yachting ambition by winning the Fastnet Rock Race, Europe's premiere offshore event. Asher, like Boyden, will be a nonvailing manager. His helmsman will be Lieut. Colonel R.S.G. (Stug) Perry, who has been around 12s since a boy on his father's *Norsega*. Perry has campaigned 6-meter and 5.5-meter yachts with considerable success. He has won the internationally coveted One Ton Cup in '65, and sailed to a silver medal in the '56 Olympic Games at the helm of the 5.5 *Vidua II*. Asher's navigator will be another of those seagoing British soldiers, Major General Ralph Farrant, commodore of the Royal Artillery Yacht Club. In the deck crew will be two veterans of the *Scythe* campaign, Tim Langford and Mike Tremlett.

From its clubhouse the Royal Thames membership views the coming effort realistically—not too optimistically, but without hopeless pessimism. "You chaps will always put a wonderful boat on the line," says one, "but without Mosbacher things look a bit better for us." "Not having an automatic challenger should make a difference," added another. "This time the crews will have to work all the way." That "work" is slated to begin on the Solent on May 2, with "serious racing" continuing until mid-June. *Scythe* will also be on hand. Then two potential challengers—for the first time since

Thomas Sopwith brought over his *Endeavour's I and II*—will be sent across the Atlantic, with trials commencing August 10 off Newport. According to the rules, both the American and English selection must be made by September 8. If close contests develop on each side, the final trials could build to high drama.

Sails are considered the outstanding problem. Many American yachtsmen felt *Gretel* was treated overgenerously two years ago, when the Australian challenger was refitted and partially rebuilt after arriving in the U.S. and sailed the decisive matches with a complete set of Hood sails. In line with this feeling, the New York Yacht Club has now decided on a stricter interpretation of the "country of origin" clause in the cup's deed of gift. While this action is understandable to the English, its application is sometimes puzzling. "It is difficult to see a principle of what is and what is not allowed," commented Sir Gordon Smith, a rear commodore of the RTYC. "Owen Asher was told that U.S.-made paint would be permissible, but not sailcloth." Perhaps the answer lies in a ruling made to Walter Gubelmann, head of the American *Constellations* syndicate, when he requested clearance on a fitting made in West Germany. "I was told items generally available in ship chandleries and marine suppliers throughout the world would be O.K.," he said, "but not special-order or custom items." Unfortunately, sails for 12-meter yachts and the fabric for them most emphatically fall in the latter category, but the NYCC will allow purchase and use of American sails for trials. They can, of course, be copied with foreign cloth later.

So at the moment nobody is bowed by the odds against winning the cup that has remained on its pedestal since the schooner *Columbia*—flying the burgee of the Royal Thames Yacht Club—arrived as the first challenger in 1870. Under the half model of *America* that hangs in the modern bar on Knightsbridge Street there seems rather general agreement with a recent statement by Owen Asher. Analyzing the advantages of two challengers instead of one, he concluded guardedly but firmly that "we shall have as good a chance of winning the America's Cup as we have ever had, whichever boat is chosen." A couple of times in the past an invader has made the Old Mug tremble a bit. This time they hope it will be in for a tumble. **END**

## Give every shot a cockeyed look

Tournament spectators will notice that a great many touring pros turn their heads to the right just before starting the backswing, an action that is especially marked in myself and Sam Snead. This cocking of the head is something more than just a nervous twitch. It serves three valuable purposes. First, it is a positive move, like the forward press of the hands, from which to start the backswing. Second, turning the head to the right makes it possible to take a longer, freer turn with the whole body than would be possible if the head were held straight to the front. Third, and most important, it is a method by which we help brace ourselves against swaying to the left on the downswing and moving our body out ahead of the ball at impact—a sure way to ruin a golf swing.

Cocking the head can cause one problem. A player whose strong, or master, eye is his right one may be bothered at first by finding his nose somewhat in his line of vision to the ball. But one eye on the ball is enough. The advantages of cocking the head outweigh the disadvantage.

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FRANKS / GOLFEN

*Cocking the head should be the last thing you do before starting the backswing. Take your normal stance (top right), then just before moving the club turn your head to the right.*

## The sting of the Louisville Lip

Angelo Dundee's Fifth Street Gym in Miami Beach is an elegant establishment on the second floor of a two-story building. It is small, hot and, these days, crowded with spectators who will endure almost any hardship to watch Cassius Marcellus Clay prepare himself, mentally as well as physically, for his February 25 challenge for the heavyweight championship of the world. It costs a dollar to get in. For the same price you can watch Sonny Liston preparing to defend his title at the Surfside Civic Auditorium some 90 blocks north. The Civic Auditorium is air-conditioned, its decor is Miami modern and its seats are comfortable. But the

better dollar's worth is at the Fifth Street Gym.

The real fight nuts hang out there and Clay, whatever his talents as a fighter, is clearly 10 times Liston's superior as a showman. Liston plods through his workouts at Surfside with all the sparkle of a piece of wet liver; Clay bubbles with the exuberance of a boy playing cops and robbers.

"You looking at the fastest heavyweight in the world," he informed the spectators the other day as he shadow-boxed. He moved quickly from side to side, feinted and sprayed the air with a flurry of blows. He is a big man—about 218 pounds at this stage in his training—with a magnificent build. Wide, thick shoulders taper to a small waist and his legs are long and thick. On top of the big man's body is set the handsome, guileless face of a child.

"Ain't no light heavyweight fast enough to catch me," he said, letting go another combination of punches, his hands open, looking more like a man grabbing at flies than a puncher. "The fastest heavyweight that ever lived," he said, so that no one would miss the point.

The bell rang, ending his shadowboxing, and he walked to the corner away from the spectators and glared at a tall, dark man with the face of a lynx and

the soft brown eyes of a cocker spaniel.

"I am the greatest," he said and widened his eyes and pursed his lips the way a small boy does when he is defying his mother. "You are the best that ever lived," the man said. "Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee," Clay and his friend sang out in unison. They paused a minute and stared into each other's eyes, then opened their mouths wide and roared inarticulate defiance at Sonny Liston. The spectators applauded.

Clay submitted to having his hands wrapped and gloves put on. Once he half turned to the spectators and yelled in a voice rich with contempt: "Six-to-one odds, I'm gonna get rich on them odds. I saved the fight game. I'd throw in the towel before I'd faint at the Liston scowl."

The bell rang again and Clay began working with Harvey Cody Jones, a massively muscled young heavyweight who weighs as much as Liston but resembles him in no other way. Clay's spaniel-eyed friend watched him closely, then came down from the side of the ring. His real name is Drew Brown, but everyone in the Clay camp calls him Budini.

"I got the name in India," he said softly. "I have traveled around the world maybe 20 times. Nothing fleshes a man out like traveling. A little girl in India, she was madly in love with me and she used to sit outside my door an' holler, 'Budini, Budini.' Later I heard the word means lover in Hindu." (It does not, but the name still has a fine ring to it.)

He turned to watch intently as Clay, fighting flatfooted and not moving much, peppered Jones with punches.

"I got him in the best condition," he said. "He never been in condition like this before. You know how I can tell if he is in condition? It's the sweat. If it taste good and salty, that mean he in condition. Of course, that ain't the only way. I can smell a champion, too. He got the smell of a champion. He young, but he's learning. I wish he could be in the merch for a few years. The merch washes out all the complexes, and it make a man of a boy."

The merch? "Merchaut marine," Budini said. "I sailed 13 years in the merchaut marine. I spent four years with Sugar Ray Robinson, too. This Cassius, he's as good as Sugar. I got him in as good condition."

Clay had finished another round with Jones, and Budini returned to the ring



**CHORUSING CONRADES.** Cassius Clay and Drew (Budini) Brown sing out their theme—"Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee"—at Sonny Liston's Miami training quarters.



apron where he again went through the antiphonal responses, howling in unison with Cassius. "Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee," followed by the short pause and then a drawn out "aaaargh"—the roar of defiance.

"I been to the other man's camp," Budini said when he came off the apron. "They is things beside the physical that make a man a champion, and he ain't got them. A champion's mark is he is humble, and Clay is a humble man. He don't release his bitterness on people when he is getting fine and mean and edgy. No, he is a courteous man, always ready to answer your question. He doesn't drain himself with taking out his meanness on just anyone. He keeps it inside so it strengthens him for the fight."

The small crowd watched Clay and paid no attention to a thickset, powerfully built man working the speed bag. He was Willie Pastrano, the light-heavyweight champion of the world. He came away from the bag, stripped off the small punching gloves and looked up at Clay, who was having his face mopped dry by a solicitous Budini.

"He don't look so good, does he?" Pastrano said. "But, man, he is a deceiving fighter. I never forget the first time I see him. I was fighting a man named Johnny Holman in Louisville back in—was it '57 or '58?" He thought a moment. He has a wide, handsome face, and the accent of New Orleans, which is a combination of Brooklyn and the deep South.

"It was '57," he said. "So this cat, he is 15 and fighting amateur, and he calls up Angelo and says he is going to be the Olympic heavyweight champion and he would like to go a little with me. So he did and he put me down. He put me down real bad. Two times I spar with him and he puts me down bad each time. Guts. All guts. Don't hit too hard then—he's maybe two, three inches shorter and 40 pounds lighter than he is now—but a very irritating man and he hit me many times. I didn't like being put down by an amateur."

"You mean he knocked you down?" someone asked.

"No, man," Pastrano said. "He didn't knock me down. He made me look bad. He put me down. He don't look so good from outside the ring, but when he's up there in front of you he throws them long jabs. They come out so easy and so fast. Pop, pop, pop. Don't look like it's any

effort for him. Makes me glad I ain't a heavyweight."

Through working out, Clay went back into the shabby dressing room and showered, then lay down on a rubbing table in a small room the size of three telephone booths while Luis Sarria, a coal-black Cuban, worked him over, the old fingers dry and stiff as charcoal sticks but curiously tender.

"You may have noticed me fighting flatfooted," Clay said. "Who knows? Maybe this fight is going to go 13 rounds or so. Maybe I won't be able to move all the time. Maybe I have to save something." Apparently he had forgotten that he had predicted he would knock Liston out in five rounds.

Clay lives with 10 members of his entourage and three cooks in a big house in northwest Miami. Later, at the house, he said, "Has there ever been anything like this? This championship? All these people comin' to see it? I been talking and saying things and building up and now I'm getting nervous. I worked hard and talked fast and now I got what I wanted. Thank of all them plane loads of pretty foxes flying in to see me. Now the time has come for training and fighting."

The next day he took off from training, but the day was not wasted. He gathered his cohorts and repaired to Surfside, where he stood outside Liston's training quarters and put on much the same show he stages at the Fifth Street Gym. He and Budini howled, "Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee," and roared, and Cassius made a dramatic attempt to break loose and go up to the second-floor auditorium where Liston was working. He was restrained—easily—before being persuaded by the courteous and long-suffering Surfside police to leave.

Upstairs, Liston went stoically about his training.

"This boy is getting under his skin," Angelo Dundee had said earlier. "It bugs Liston, all these things he does." If Dundee is right, Liston hides his pique well. Leotis Maatan, a reed-thin light heavy who has the painful job of sparring with Sonny every day, says, "He's not mad at people the way he used to be. He doesn't try to kill us every day."

Said Liston, "Clay needs a lesson in manners. Maybe I can help him by beating his brains out. If I can, who am I to stand in the way of progress?"

It may be progress, but it seems a shame.

END

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RELIEF IS JUST  
A SWALLOW AWAY

### THE URBANE BARON

continued from page 25

were unrealized. This season Nash has averaged 27 points a game, gets good shooting support from senior Ted Deeken and excellent playmaking from two of the Katzenjammers—Tommy Kron, who works the point in the scrambling 1-3-1 zone, and Larry Conley, a superb quarterback. Rupp says this is the best ball-handling team he has ever had.

Size is the only Kentucky problem. Nash is the tall man at 6 feet 5, but he is a brute off the boards—he got 30 rebounds against Mississippi—and Conley, 6 feet 3 and all elbows, knees and gall, is an amazing pivot man on offense. Conley also amazes Rupp with his wrap-around sunglasses ("got 'em for four bucks in Gainesville, Florida, if you wanta get yourself a pair"), short-brimmed green felt hat, umbrella and turtle-neck sweater. Rupp can't quite make him out, but he does know he has

to watch him, "because Larry kind of likes to sneak in a little coaching on me."

But no matter how flamboyant his team may get, this will still be the year that Adolph Rupp passed up more chances than he took to rise screaming off the bench in pursuit of someone who had done him wrong—player, peanut vendor or whoever. He says he has not really yelled down an official in seven years, that he has just about decided they're all bad—so what's the use? Nevertheless, one prominent referee in the SEC says that when all the evidence is in, dealing with Rupp has never been much of a problem. "Sure, he's called me a blind idiotic a few times and I've socked him with a few technicals, but we get along fine. You've got to know Adolph to appreciate him."

Rival coaches who know and appreciate Rupp are guessing that his Katzenjammer Kids—unheralded in nearly all preseason estimates—may win him his fifth national title.

## Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

### THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. MICHIGAN (20-3)  
2. MINNITA (17-0) 3. DRAKE (16-0)

OHIO STATE's Fred Taylor was saying one day last week, "If somebody doesn't beat Michigan pretty soon, all of a sudden they'll be champions." So he sent his big young Bucks out to swarm all over the beav-y Wolverines every time they got the ball. He also put them into a weave to set up screens for Gary Braddis. Braddis got 42 points, and Ohio State won 86-85. But MICHIGAN did not stay beaten very long. Bill Buntlin and classy Carrie Russell shot for 37 and 28 points and Illinois, which earlier had been upset by INDIANA 104-96, went down, 93-82. Ohio State came back to beat Indiana 98-96 in overtime as Braddis scored 40 points.

WICHITA, after taking Loyola 65-60 for its 11th straight, was brought up short by BRADLEY at PEORIA. A hustling, sniping defense and Leon Hall's last-second shot did in the Shockers 76-74. BLUE DRAKE was hot on Wichita's trail in the Missouri Valley. With McCoy McLemore grabbing almost every rebound in sight, the Bulldogs beat St. Louis 70-57.

KANSAS STATE's Tex Winter and Colorado's Sox Walseth, who had changed their offenses and defenses almost every time the ball changed hands, looked for new ideas when their teams went into overtime at Boulder. Winter wandered through the crowd while Walseth sprinted along the sidelines

talking to the officials. Winter's strategy worked better. K-State won 60-59 to take second place behind Oklahoma State in the Big Eight.

### THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. TEXAS WESTERN (20-1)  
2. TEXAS A&M (18-0) 3. HOUSTON (14-7)

TEXAS A&M was still winning—and leading—in the Southwest Conference, but the Aggies were giving Coach Shelby Metcalf fits. They trailed Baylor 34-28 at half time before Bennie Lennox perked them up with his good outside shooting (for 20 points) and led them past the Bears 83-58. Arkansas, too, had A&M down at the half and then let the Aggies get away. They won 72-64.

But A&M was not yet out of the woods. The Aggies were headed for a showdown with second-place TEXAS TECH at Lubbock. Tech, running and shooting merrily in Coach Gene Gibson's "quail" offense ("we just get the ball and scatter," explains Gibson), had won nine of its last 10 games. Last week Dub Malone, a skinny little sophomore, and Harold Denney wrecked TCU 90-74 with 53 points, then Malone pushed in five points near the end and SMU lost, 85-83.

TEXAS WESTERN, meanwhile, was busy proving that a team does not have to run to win. The Miners, the nation's No. 3 defensive team, went up against New Mexico, the country's best on defense, and out-defended the Lobos 62-60. OKLAHOMA CITY took St.

LOUIS 80-75 and Denver 77-57, while HOUSTON routed Trinity 74-57.

#### THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. UOLA (24-0)  
2. OREGON STATE (20-2) 3. UTAH (19-3)

UCLA, brash and vaibant, looked the part of a winner as it romped over California 87-67 in Berkeley last Friday. Walt Hazzard's flashy passes set off the Bruins' withering fast break, and he and Earl Goodrich shot over the frustrated Bears for 47 points. The next night Cal set out to guard Hazzard with or without the ball, and it almost worked. The Bears refused to succumb to UCLA's zone press, but Camden Wall began to hit from the pivot and soon the Bruins were in trouble. UCLA barely won, 58-56.

OREGON STATE, however, rarely looked better. With Mel Counts stuffing in points and picking off rebounds and Jim Jarvis and Frank Peters booming in shots from outside, the eager Beavers whopped Portland 97-68 and 95-61. SAN FRANCISCO, an early-season disappointment, was coming on strong in the West Coast AC. The Dons beat San Jose 64-47 and California at Santa Barbara 73-65 for their ninth straight.

UTAH'S Dennis Coach is alleged to be one of the worst shooting centers in college ball. To prove it, he missed his first nine shots against Brigham Young. Then, with 18 seconds to go in overtime, he blithely flung in a hoopster from the key and Utah won 91-89. Grouched BYU Coach Stan Watts, "I guess it's better to be lucky than good."

#### THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. DAVIDSON (16-1)  
2. KENTUCKY (12-2) 3. VANDERBILT (12-2)

It was like old times in the Southeastern Conference. Everybody was gunning for Kentucky and Adolph Rupp's frisky Wildcats just kept on winning, over Georgia 105-81 and Mississippi 102-59 (see page 24). But Kentucky had company at the top. This week it was GEORGIA TECH. The Jackets needed seven points by sub Bill Nigg in the last minutes to get by Auburn 62-57, and R. D. Craddock's soft little jumper with three seconds to play to edge LSU 51-49. Tulane, the SEC patsy with 18 straight losses, was easier Tech thrashed the Greenies, 92-68.

VANDERBILT and TENNESSEE also were too close for comfort. Vandy was only a half game behind after smacking down Alabama 111-73, hapless Tulane 96-64 and squeaking past hard-luck LSU 66-64 on Clyde Lee's tip-in. Tennessee beat Mississippi 82-58 and trailed the leaders by a game.

Trying to pin down DUK in the Atlantic Coast Conference, North Carolina State played slowdown. But Jeff Mullins and the tall boys, 6-foot-10 Hack Tson and Jay Buckley, simply shot over the smaller Wolfpack, and the Devils won 66-48. Maryland's sophomores tried a somewhat rarer approach and all they got for their trouble was a 104-72 beating NORTH CAROLINA

linked like the best of the ACC also-rans. The Tar Heels beat Virginia 89-76, then they burned Billy Cunningham loose for 33 points to take Wake Forest 81-73.

"We're like lambs being led to slaughter," murmured William & Mary's Bill Chambers before his team played DAVIDSON. He was so right. Fred Hetzel and the other Wildcats went at his ball-controlling lambs with a furious zone press and trounced them 111-84. Against Georgia Southern, Hetzel scored 29 points in 29 minutes and Davidson won 95-76. WEST VIRGINIA, meanwhile, rolled over Maryland 91-67 and George Washington 82-75, and VIRGINIA TECH routed Richmond 103-85.

MEMPHIS STATE figured to be weary after losing to SEATTLE 105-88 and upsetting Creighton 87-86 on the road, but the Tigers flurried bristled with vitality when they got back home. George Kirk threw in 30 points, Bob Neumann scored 28 and State shocked DePaul 98-67. MIAMI'S Rick Barry even drew raves from the opposing coach when he poured in 52 points to help the Hurricanes beat Jacksonville 117-92. "I stood up and applauded him like everybody else," admitted Jacksonville's admiring Dick Kendall.

#### THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. VILLANOVA (17-2)  
2. LA SALLE (14-0) 3. ST. BONAVENTURE (12-4)

VILLANOVA's Jack Kraft now knows just how much Wally Jones means to his team. Jones's trickery got the Wildcats past St. Bonaventure 57-52 for their 12th straight, and they were out in front of neighboring LA SALLE—until he twisted a hip muscle in the first half and had to leave the game. Without Jones, Villanova's offense dried up against La Salle's sliding zones and its usually reliable defense could not handle the Explorer's hot-shooting Frank Corace and George Sutor. La Salle upset the Wildcats 63-59.

Loyola expected to breeze when it came to New York to play ST. JOHN'S. The young Redmen, as everyone thought, lacked the experience and know-how to compete with the seasoned national champions. But St. John's ran with the Ramblers, beat them off the boards in the late stages and out-wore them, 71-69, on sophomore Bill Lawrence's two foul shots with seven seconds to go.

NYU was beginning to look like a team that would make a tournament. With Happy Hanson scoring 38 points, the Violets trounced Holy Cross 103-83, then Barry Kramer got 23 to lead them past Brandeis 88-45.

All of a sudden, the East was full of tournament hopefuls. SYRACUSE beat Niagara 83-81 and Pitt 96-84, DUQUESNE routed Santa Clara 92-68 and Kentucky Wesleyan 90-74, PROVIDENCE thumped Boston College 102-78, ST. JOSEPH's defeated Georgetown 79-70 and St. Peter's 97-84. And the Ivy League was crawling with contenders. PRINCETON, CORNELL, YALE and PENN were all tied for first.

END

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# THE MANY FACES OF MR. MAC

In 1927, when William B. MacDonald Jr., the promoter of the forthcoming Liston-Clay fight—was 18, he was happy being a bus conductor for the Chicago Motor Coach Company, but the superintendent of the South Side garage, a man named Paddy Leyden, insisted he become a driver. "Me bucko," said Paddy, "a driver you are and a driver you'll be. You'll not be a conductor." So MacDonald was a driver. "It was the Fourth of July," he recalls. "A jillion people got on and got off. It was

ding, stop, and ding, go. I never got out of second gear. I must have lost five pounds. When I got back I told Paddy he could keep his glamorous driver's boots and fancy uniform. I wanted to be a conductor and stand in the back and ring the bell and holler, 'low bridge' and meet the people. 'Me bucko,' said Paddy, 'a driver you

are and a driver you'll be.'" So MacDonald quit. "If I hadn't been so impulsive," he says, "today I'd have 36 years' seniority and the choice of routes, a Polish wife, two kids and only a couple more payments on a refrigerator."

Today William B. MacDonald Jr., of Bal Harbour, Fla., is president and director and, together with his Polish wife Victoria, owns all the stock of the William B. MacDonald, Jr. Corporation, gross assets \$52 million. Among its wholly owned subsidiaries are: Housing Investment Corporation of San Juan, P.R., the island's largest mortgage company; Silmac Corporation, which holds 45% of the outstanding stock in Tropical Park racetrack; and MacDonald Farms, a stud farm near Delray Beach, Fla. MacDonald also owns the Tampa Tarpons of the Class D Florida State League.

MacDonald, a practicing extrovert who calls almost everyone "coach" and hands out gold-filled cuff links graven in his own image, lives in a \$250,000 house with lime-green trim that is decorated with \$3,200 worth of mechanical displays at Christmastime. Adjoining the house on a \$50,000 two-lot plot is a two-hole pitch-and-putt course designed by Robert Trent Jones. MacDonald's 50-foot cruiser, *Snooze* (Edward Elrod, captain), is tied up a couple of Rolls-Royce lengths from his front door. MacDonald has a Rolls convertible, and his "assistant," Sugar Vallone, a burly ex-bartender who wears one of the boss's cuff links as a combination tie pin and napkin holder, is due to go to England to pick up a \$32,000 seven-passenger Rolls limousine equipped with TV and telephones. It has been written that MacDonald

CONTINUED

BY GILBERT ROGIN

*Bill MacDonald, promoter of the Liston-Clay fight, sits at his desk at Tropical Park racetrack, 45% of which is his. Mr. Mac also owns a stud farm, a baseball team, a yacht and a two-hole golf course.*



was the first to have TV in his car (he wasn't) when he had a set with a 12½-inch screen installed in a Cadillac in 1951. There are two TV sets on the *Snooze*, which is named after MacDonald's wife. "I used to call her Snooze, the Boozie, the Buttse," he explains. "She's cut back on the smoking and the drinking, but she's still harder to wake up than a bear. When you approach her in the morning you better tread softly and take the turns kind of wide."

The MacDonalds have two adopted children—Vickie, 15, and Billy, 13. Vickie won the 1963 Sunshine Circuit juvenile three-gated championship with her horse, Witch Doctor. MacDonald owns four show horses and, at his daughter's behest, he became chairman of this year's Miami horse show. For Vickie's eighth birthday, MacDonald installed a jukebox in her tree house, an arboreal bungalow decorated with carpeting and draperies identical with those in the main house and equipped with a paid-up refrigerator and stove. Billy owns a 16-foot runabout. For his sixth birthday, MacDonald gave his son the Billy Buster Bal Harbour Railroad, an outsize toy train that transported Billy and his friends over 900 feet of track on the MacDonald property. "I guess I spoil my kids," says Bill MacDonald.

MacDonald works mornings in an office that fronts on his pool and adorns his bar. In the afternoons he plays golf (Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday), goes to the track (Wednesday and Saturday) and fishes or steams about on the *Snooze* (Sunday). The walls of his 10-stool alfresco bar are hung with fish he has caught, ducks he has shot, awards he has won, letters of heartfelt thanks and photographs of MacDonald beaming upon the great and the near great. The personalities, as he calls them, range from President Kennedy, to whom MacDonald is pictured presenting a check, to Jayne Mansfield, whom he is shown checking out. Between these two extremes are 8-by-10 glossies of MacDonald and picture people, MacDonald and politicians and, mostly, MacDonald and athletes.

Over the past decade or two Bill MacDonald, leading with his smile and his checkbook, has engaged in more deft spending in more sports than any other millionaire of his weight and age. MacDonald accepts his weight, by the way, though he mourns the fact that he is not as photogenic as he used to be. "These days they tell me they got to use a wide-angle lens," he says. Indeed, one of the beguiling things about this man is that he does not take himself too seriously. Although one sportswriter, coming a euphemism, referred to MacDonald as being "chubby-set," MacDonald calls himself "the little fat man" or "fat Willie." But, despite all his jollity, his relentless goodwill and lavish good works, MacDonald seems to be possessed of a restless discontent and an overwhelming need to be renowned and loved—which, after all, is not an uncommon condition.

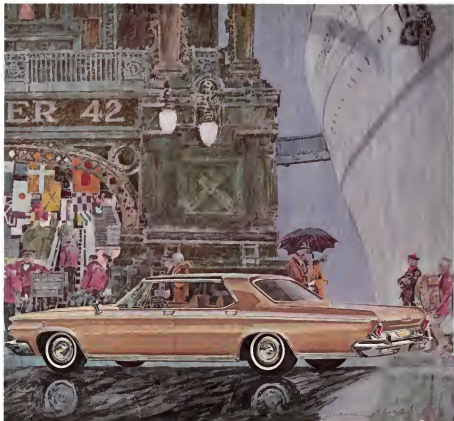
Bosung is the least of MacDonald's sporting investments;

the Liston-Clay fight is only his second fling in the game. "Someone once approached me to manage Liston," he says. "He was looking for a front man, but it's an ugly business to begin with and I make too much money other ways to be bothered wet-nursing those kids." But in 1960 MacDonald briefly guaranteed Feature Sports, the promoters of the third Patterson-Johansson fight, \$400,000 to bring the match to Miami Beach. MacDonald had nothing to lose but his money and nothing to gain but seeing his name in the papers. Fortunately, the fight grossed \$500,000, so, in a way, it was a better deal than being the only Catholic founder-member of Mount Sinai Hospital of Greater Miami. "That cost you \$50,000," says MacDonald proudly. On the Liston-Clay fight he stands to make a buck, however. Acting on a suggestion by Bosung Promoter Chris Dundee, who is associated with him in the fight, MacDonald bought the live promotion—not the lucrative theater-TV—from Intercontinental Promotions, Inc. (Senny Liston, 47.5% stockholder) for \$625,000. "I gave my maximum offer the first time up," says MacDonald. "I figure if this man Jack Nilon [Liston's manager] don't take it he can't count. And him being in the concession business, coming up from a bag of peanuts and a hot dog, he ought to know how to count." The site of the fight, the Miami Beach Convention Hall, is scaled for \$1.2 million with a \$250 top (\$1, Jan. 27), and MacDonald figures he has to gross \$800,000 to break even. He is alternatively sanguine and gloomy about making this nut. "Chris said we could make a million like breaking sticks," MacDonald says one day. "It may be more like breaking bones. It's pretty farfetched, \$800,000 indoors. Those other guys didn't make \$300,000 worth of mistakes. I don't care about making money. I just want the fight to be here so it can help the area. The best I can make on it is \$100,000." Another day he will say: "If we can't put this fight across we ought to turn in our suits. I want them sleeping in the streets!" And at times, "Why am I in it? For kicks. I'm in it for kicks. Why do I do any of the sports things? Because I like to be in motion. Inertia is the worst thing. A great philosopher, Will Durant, said if you got nothing else to do you can always get into trouble. He's right. Go up and hit a policeman. He'll hit you back. You hit him again. He puts you in the paddy wagon, but you're in motion!"

"We're not having any trouble selling the two-fifties," MacDonald says. "Certain people wouldn't be caught dead in the tourist section of an airplane because to get there they have to walk through the first-class compartment and they might see someone they know and lose face. The two-fifties are for these status people. A guy calls me, for instance, wants to buy a \$100 seat for Andy Williams. I tell him Andy Williams got to be up there with the big kids. I can't imagine him sitting back there with the little kids. He got to be in there with the wheels, not the hubcaps."

"This promotion is going to be as clean as possible. It's going to be a breath of fresh air. I borrow 40 million a year from three big banks. I've got to think of my credit. The

(continued)



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"I figure Clay win it," MacDonald says, with dubiety. "He'll take the title if he stays away, jabs and runs, but the little jerk is so egotistical—he's getting hysterical—he thinks he can punch Laston's nose sideways. It's liable to be a stinky fight to watch, but if Clay gets by seven or eight he's liable to win it."

Another way Bill MacDonald has found to lose his money is baseball. He has had three minor league franchises at one time or another, and only one, the Tampa Tarpons, which he has owned for eight years, has done so much as break even for him. In 1959 MacDonald bought the Miami Marlins of the International League, which, on a doctored treasure hunt, subsequently became the San Juan Marlins, the Charleston (W. Va.) Marlins and the Atlanta Crackers before MacDonald sold out. "There's no future in the minor leagues," MacDonald says without rancor. "I don't see how you can make money in Triple-A ball. I sold the Crackers, and they had won a Little World Series for me, because if you lose over \$50,000 a year for five years Uncle says you've got a hobby, and losses on a hobby aren't deductible. I lost \$475,000, but it was something to do in the summertime with the kids. From a business standpoint it was a fun thing, and I made a lot of contacts. If you got enough money and can afford baseball, O.K. If not, you better back off."

MacDonald's other ball club was the Portsmouth Tides of the Class A South Atlantic League. He liquidated it. When the Dodgers left Brooklyn, MacDonald sought to get an International League franchise there. "We'd have drawn 500,000," he says amiably. "But Ford Frick turned us down." Another one of his schemes was to set up a winter baseball league in Florida similar to the one now operating in Puerto Rico. That never got off the ground either. MacDonald once looked into purchasing the Athletics and the White Sox but, as he says, "I'm 55 now, I don't like to go north of Gulfstream, west of Hialeah or south of Tropical. The other way is east—you got to go fishing. Someone called me up the other day and said, 'Why not bid on the A's?' I don't want to go inland. Last summer I chartered this 80-footer from William L. McKnight, the Scotch Tape man, and cruised from Washington to Martha's Vineyard. Now, how the hell do you get to K.C. by boat?"

MacDonald has dropped about \$200,000 promoting golf tournaments over the years in what he calls "my romance with the PGA" without being visibly depressed. "I made a million friends," he says. "I got to know a lot of picture people and bankers." MacDonald sponsored three Los Angeles Opens (1955-57), two international four-ball tournaments in Miami, an LPGA tournament in Battle Creek, Mich., bankrolled Dick Mayer when he won the U.S. Open in 1957, accompanied two Ryder Cup

teams abroad and is at present chairman of the PGA Advisory Committee.

Golf is MacDonald's game. He belongs to LaGorce in Miami Beach, Burning Tree in Bethesda, Md., Bel-Air in Los Angeles, Dorado Beach in San Juan, Olympia Fields in Chicago and Deepdale in Great Neck, N.Y. His handicap is 9 ("no, make it 10, I need the help"). "Anyone who works for Mr. Mac," says MacDonald's secretary, Helen Gustison, "knows you couldn't reach him between the first and 9th holes if his racetrack burned down. At the 9th hole he takes a little break. When Mr. Mac bought Royal Native for \$252,500 [an unheard-of price for a broodmare prospect] we sent the check out to the 9th hole for him to sign." The other day a man approached MacDonald about joining the board of directors of a bank. "I hate to go to board meetings, coach," MacDonald told him. "You get \$50, Uncle puts his hand in the tambourine for \$40, and it's just the day you would have had a good golf game and won a couple hundred."

MacDonald is a formidable figure as he rolls over the fairways in his golf cart, nipping "suntan lotion" out of a Coke bottle with his right hand, root beer out of a root beer bottle with his left hand, and steering with his forearms. "I had a bad night," he will say. "I can't go around alone today, so I brought a couple of friends—Haag & Haag." When he hits a good shot he may cry: "How do you like that one, sports fans?" When he hits a bad shot he may moan: "I can't get around this fat belly of mine," or "Where did it go? Come back! All is forgiven." After he has sunk a long putt he will climb into his cart and say, "I'm a little too sexy for TV, don't you think? Maybe I can make it in the movies," or offer to give his imitation of an elephant or tell about the time he tried to get a horse through the revolving door at Reuben's.

"Racing," says MacDonald, "now that's profitable." MacDonald bought his first horse in 1951 and has best horse in 1960, Royal Native, the champion 3-year-old filly of 1959. She won \$261,226 for him as a 4-year-old and was selected the best older filly of the year. The most notable of MacDonald's other thoroughbreds is Kathy Too, a filly he bought for \$90,000. "She was the fastest thing ever to come out of Ireland," he says. "She win a race, then she bowed a tendon. She's bred." His 160-acre breeding farm ("I've been offered \$2,500 an acre"), inevitably referred to as Old MacDonald's Farm, has a 5/8-mile training track, 35 horses—mostly broodmares, yearlings, weanlings and sore horses—and some 60 head of cattle. MacDonald presently has five unraced 2-year-olds. His new trainer, Nick J. Moran, considers three of them good prospects, particularly fancying a Hill Gail colt named Hill Charger.

Besides owning 45% of Tropical Park, MacDonald is

*a continued*

its treasurer and a director. The 55% of the stock that he doesn't own belongs to the track's controversial president and finest customer, Saul Silberman. "Silberman and I haven't had a cross word in four years," MacDonald says. "Since I been there his image has improved."

"The things that make me money I don't do," MacDonald says. "I don't know anything about the mortgage business. I don't know what one looks like. The racetrack, my partner does that. 'For \$800 a day,' he complains to me, 'you don't show up very often.'"

"Tropical Park is known as The Friendly Track. Half the people know the other half. A lot of people tell you they'd like to race there all year round. Of course people tell you things you want to hear."

"We're trying constantly to protect our people," MacDonald says, "to warrant their patronage. We're very careful we got plenty of toilet paper in the rest rooms, for instance. We're the first track in Florida to integrate, and when I ran the Crackers we were the first team in Georgia to integrate our stands. We integrated Tropical three years ago. There was no comment about it except one guy who sees this colored guy on a line at a \$10 window and asks me, 'Who's that?' I say, 'Coach, that's Saul Silberman's chauffeur.' This guy looks around some and then he says to me, 'How many chauffeurs he got?'"

MacDonald believes racing can be improved. "You never stand still," he is fond of saying. "If you don't go forward, you're going backward. There is no doubt that the pendulum has swung too far into commercialism, however. The ugly part is that the people controlling the sport are not race people. Generally speaking, the commissioners are not knowledgeable. They are political appointees squeezing the revenue out of the sport. The people who actually love racing are those that own horses, and very few of them break even. The thing that's happening and that real race people, like Captain Harry Guggenheim, abhor, is people saying, 'The 2 horse win it,' or, 'The 8 horse win it.'"

"It doesn't make any sense making New York run nine days more, like they're doing this year. That's a gross case of commercialism. It's obvious that they're going to race all year round in New York one of these days. As far as the state's concerned, put elephants in there if you got a mutuel. Bowie's ridiculous. Racing in January! It's not for nice, hot-blooded animals! They're not supposed to be out there this time of year! As Joe E. Lewis said, 'I got a polar bear that can scoot.'"

MacDonald has some notions about what is wrong with baseball, too. "They should trade more to balance the teams," he says. "The guys in the American League are reluctant to help one another. They're too staid, too reluctant to change. And it doesn't make sense they don't have inter-league games. Pittsburgh, for instance, never sees Mantle."

It's not fair to the fans. But the only people that think baseball games are too long are the writers. The writers are a detriment to baseball. The fans don't complain the games are too long, it's this guy that's writing that's got a date—and he's changing pitchers again!"

At one time MacDonald tried to get into professional football by buying 25% of the Washington Redskins, but although there were stories in the papers hailing MacDonald as a new owner, the deal fell through at the last minute. He was also approached by Harry Wismer to bail out the New York Titans. "Everyone in New York was offered that," MacDonald says. "You don't need any money," Harry says. "All you have to do is sign a few notes." Do you know what a co-signer is? An idiot with a pen!"

Bill MacDonald is descended from a long line of sheep thieves. When he went to St. Andrews in 1952 he eagerly looked up his ancestors. "I was looking for a couple kings," he says, "and I found sheep thieves! You see, the MacDonalds were Highlanders and the Campbells were Lowlanders [actually the Campbells might have been Low Highlanders.] My forebears were hungry most of the time so they steal the Campbells' sheep. You know the song, 'The Campbells are comin', O-ho, O-ho?' That's what our guys would sing when the Campbells come looking for their sheep. We'd stand back of rocks and ambush them with bows and arrows."

MacDonald, whose ancestors came over to Prince Edward Island in the 1780s, was born in Butte, Mont. in 1908 and moved to Sumatra, Mont. in 1913. His father was the state representative from Rosebud County, a deputy sheriff and a deputy land commissioner. MacDonald's mother was killed in an accident in the family's 1916 Overland when he was 9, and the MacDonalds moved to Boston, where the father became a branch manager for Fox Film. MacDonald played a little hockey and baseball and at 14 was managing the Lafayette AC, a sandlot team that performed on Boston Common for \$5 to \$8 a man; MacDonald decided who got how much. When he was 17, MacDonald went to Chicago to work for Tom Hogan, a vice-president of the Yellow Cab Company; there he also attended law school at night. "When an alderman come to town Tom would take him out," MacDonald explains. "I got the bailiff. I'd take him to the stockyards and to the Field Museum until he'd tell me, 'Let's say to hell with this, son. Where can I get a beer? Bring on the broadies!' I got \$35 a week. I was doing pretty good."

After MacDonald left the Chicago Motor Coach Company, his next job, he opened a ticket agency at 12th and Wabash for wildcat cars—Lincoln sedans that he ran to the Hotel Claridge in New York at \$15 a head. He parlayed the cars into buses during Chicago's Century of Progress Exposition; his motto was "Times Square to the World's Fair in 28 Hours." If the buses ran late, he offered pro rata refunds like *The Twentieth Century*. When the railroads lowered their fares, MacDonald sold out to the Santa Fe. "I wound up with \$250,000," he says, "the most money I ever



*Multi-millionaire Mac Donald works mornings, plays afternoons. Snoozers (top left) he is at the wheel of his 50-footer, Snoozers; Wednesdays and Saturdays he goes racing (left); the rest of the week it's golf, at which he shows his form on his private pitch-and-putt course (above).*

had. Two years later I was flat, stony broke. All I had was a Buick coupé and a nice wardrobe, so my friend Tony Ryan, who's now the biggest Oldsmobile dealer in Milwaukee, and I drove to Miami. If we're going to starve, at least we'd be starving where it was warm. We hocked our cars and, for \$750, bought the door and parking concession to the Dempsey-Vanderbilt Hotel at 21st and Collins, the live spot on the Beach. We had gotten in out of the rain. I worked the days and Tommy the nights, because I was still going to law school. At the end of the year we had made \$4,400 apiece. Then I went into dry cleaning and laundry, tried to get people to put their money into a federal savings and loan association I represented, and managed the Sunny Isles Restaurant. I knew all the taxi people from being a doorman, and they got people to come up and give me a play. I made \$10,000 that winter."

In 1940 MacDonald, now back in Chicago, became one of four truckers the government certified to haul trailers to house families working on federal projects. At the peak of this operation, MacDonald had 116 trucks under lease. He then began buying and selling trailers. From that he went into manufacturing trailers; he bought his first factory on Nov. 1, 1944. It burned down Christmas Eve, so MacDonald bought another one. "Mobile homes were little

bitty coaches then," MacDonald says. "I got laws passed to allow them up to 10 feet wide on the highways, and we were the first to corrugate the metal, have picture windows, as-laid beds and under-the-floor heating." MacDonald's Mid-States Corp. eventually owned 10 subsidiaries: Regal Mobile Homes, Pinconning, Mich.; Canadian Star, Ingersoll, Ont.; Universal and Terra-Cruiser, Downey, Calif.; Rex, McMinville, Ore.; Koty and National, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Duo, Union City, Mich.; Elcar, Bourbon, Ind.; M System, Texan and Ranchero, Texarkana, Texas; Star, Union City, Mich.; and Pan American and Paramount, Monrovia, Calif. MacDonald became the world's leading manufacturer of mobile homes, with more than 15% of the market, and served a term as president of the Trailer Coach Manufacturers Association. His trademark at the L.A. Open was the largest trailer of its era, a 65-foot Executive Cruiser that slept 12 and had a combination sun deck and heliport and a swimming pool.

"I never was a production man," Bill MacDonald says, "and I sold only one trailer in my whole life, by accident, and I messed up on the color. I've been lucky in getting good people around me. It's your people that make you, and we believed in bringing up our own pups. I shared the profits with the branch vice-presidents. I gave them a new

*continued*

Cadillac every year for status. I told my salesmen I wanted them to wear a clean shirt every day, not every two days, and we'd pay the laundry bills. I wanted their cars washed every night, and we'd pay for it. I wanted them to have their suits pressed and to eat in good restaurants. We were the first to use long distance. Pick up the phone, man, I told them, don't goose around. I never believed in yes-men or formality. I'd buy my people lunch. We'd talk some baseball, talk a little football, switch around to business. The lunch would run me \$25, but I might get a \$200,000 idea out of it.

"What I am is a promotion man," MacDonald says. "In promotion, like anything else, you got to approach the ball with confidence. That's the first thing you learn in golf. I put on this sales thing: \$150,000 in one pitch. I took over three hotels on the Beach for it. People say to me, how can you spend \$150,000 on a sales convention, how can you spend \$9,000 to get a Bob Hope? I say look at the sales record. Look at the volume!"

MacDonald was particularly successful at stealing a march at trade shows. "If a group keeps looking at something long enough it attracts a crowd," he says. "I once got 35 models and some flashbulb photographers to keep taking pictures of them around our trailers. There was no film in the cameras, but they attracted the crowd." Another time MacDonald put a sign on a trailer he had built for the King of Transjordan: "... custom requires that shoes be removed before entering a house of worship or royal residence." Forty thousand visitors obediently took off their shoes to walk through the trailer.

In 1960 MacDonald sold out. On a shelf in his office—between a baseball signed by his Charleston team and a baseball signed by his Tampa team—is a cheap ballpoint pen enshrined in clear plastic. The plaque on the base reads, "With this pen, Wm. B. MacDonald, Jr. signed agreement selling Mid-States Corp., Battle Creek, Mich. for \$6,785,000 to Chance Vought Aircraft, Inc., Dallas, Texas, Jan. 4, 1960 Happy Day."

"Why did I sell out?" MacDonald says. "For the lump. Man gave me \$6,785,000, that's why."

**W**e have a saying at the house," says Secretary Helen Gustison: "If Mr. Mac died today he's lived a full life." Mr. Mac's a powerhouse with different faces. There is no limit where he could have gone if he had set out. Senator Scott Lucas looks up to and admires the many faces of Mr. Mac. He has great concentration. If you're talking mortgages to him you can't reach him about horses, and vice versa. He gives each thing his great and undivided attention. He reminds me of someone who has created his own life. If Mr. Mac stays home with the virus, the maid brings him good soap, and he's lying horizontal, soaking up energy to get going full speed ahead again. Mr. Mac knows how

to lie in bed. He's got five big scrapbooks on his career but it's not just for ego; the Internal Revenue men look at them."

Besides pages of clippings, MacDonald's scrapbooks contain letters from generals and Congressmen thanking him for the boat ride on the *Snoodle*, letters from directors of athletics thanking him for the use of his San Juan apartment and letters from bishops and opera guilds thanking him for his magnanimous donations.

"Do you know why I was awarded Channel 10?" MacDonald said in his box at the races the other day. "Because they like me. They say Bill is a nice guy. The civic and the charitable is why they awarded me Channel 10. I must have walked 400 miles today shaking hands. I'm more of a hand-shaker than the boss [Silberman] is. I'm tired, but those are good contacts. If I hadn't done what I've been doing all my life I wouldn't be me. Take the overall image you create. See what it adds up to. I've never bought a man a drink to get a mortgage or to sell a trailer. If you're a good guy and keep grinding, people will find out for themselves. I never asked for a plug. I never had to—"

They were off—most of them—and MacDonald picked up his binoculars. The horse he had backed came down the homestretch with a big lead. "I'll take it over from here!" MacDonald yelled, banging the glasses on the counter in front of him. "It ain't how much you win but how much you don't lose. Four bandages, 7 to 5, I don't care. It's sweet, isn't it?"

"When I was a kid of 16 I went to work for the *Hartford Courant* selling subscriptions," he said. "I'd knock on the door and say, 'Did you get your vacuum bottle absolutely free?' A vacuum bottle was what they called a thermos in those days. We gave one to a customer when he took the *Courant*. I worked for a man named John J. Murphy. John J. Murphy told me to give the customers a real smile when I'd say, 'Did you get your vacuum bottle absolutely free?' It's hard for a person to refuse you when you smile. How do you get mad at a guy if he's smiling? I used to practice smiling in front of a mirror. I did pretty good at that job, got \$25 a week. That's not had for those days. You got to figure out what makes people happy. You can't sell to everybody, but you can be everybody's friend."

"My success has had a lot to do with my sports activities. They put me in the public eye a little bit. I guess my goal is to leave a mark, to make my children proud of me. Everyone wants to leave a mark. You know, there was this slave in ancient Greece who set fire to a temple so that his name would go down in history. They punished him by banning his name."

"Hey, Cheesecake like says he must be doing pretty good. He come to the races in a \$7,500 car, and he's going home in a \$65,000 bus. You see, I got to talk to Cheesecake and The Genius. People look for me. I'm a live wire. I like to move. I'm outgoing. I'm naturally gregarious. I like people. It's my nature. I'm a big kid. People want to be with the big kids. It's sweet, isn't it, coach?"

END

## YESTERDAY

# Barney Wheezes to a Big Win

His car was a wreck, but Barney Oldfield managed to finish first in the rugged Cactus Derby 50 years ago

by WILLIAM F. NOLAN

Twenty cars lined up in Los Angeles one chill, overcast morning in November 1914 for the start of the seventh annual Cactus Derby. Included in the group of racers were such accomplished road stars as Louis Chevrolet, Bill Bramlett, Cliff Durant, Ted Baudet, Barney Oldfield and two previous derby winners—Louis Nikrent (1909) and Olin Oavis (1913). The prize for the winner of the arduous 671-mile race from Los Angeles to Phoenix was \$2,500, but the main attraction for Oldfield, the most famous racer of the day, was a diamond-studded medal that would proclaim the winner "Master Driver of the World."

In fact, there was some justification in calling anyone who even finished the race a master driver, for the Cactus Derby was the most rugged road race ever run in the U.S. It had started in 1908 when the Auto Club of Southern California decided on a campaign for better roads. Since few roads existed on the route between Los Angeles and Phoenix at the time, the idea seemed sound. Only four drivers were on hand for that first race, and two of them got lost in the Colorado desert. The winner, Colonel F. C. Fenner, averaged 17.6 miles per hour aboard a puffing White Steamer.

The 1914 race was to go from Los Angeles over Cajon Pass, north toward Barstow, then east to the first overnight stop in Needles, Calif. From Needles the route crossed the Colorado River into Arizona and went north to Kingman, then east through Ashfork and south to Prescott, Ariz., the second all-night stop. From Prescott the survivors of the race would aim for the Territorial Fairgrounds in Phoenix. Along the way the drivers would have to contend with mountain grades, desert, winds, alkali dust, sand, silt, hub-deep mud, boulder-strewn gulches and bridgeless streams and rivers.

Because of the rugged terrain, all the drivers except Oldfield used stripped-down stock cars. He was going to race in

his big, white, wire-wheeled Stutz, the same car he had driven to a fifth in the Indianapolis "500" earlier that year. "They're calling me the 'grand old man of auto racing' and figure I'm about ready for the pasture," he said. "Well, I'm going to claim that medal even if I have to carry my Stutz across the finish line."

The first car was flagged away at 5:25 a.m. and, despite rain-soaked roads out of Los Angeles, Oldfield (accompanied by his riding mechanic, George Hill) jammed the white Stutz into the lead on the narrow summit of Cajon Pass. He was passed by Durant in the Mojave Desert, however, when the Stutz caught fire. Oldfield quickly put out the small blaze and just as quickly regained his lead. When he entered Needles, he was six minutes ahead of Durant, his closest competitor. Already several cars had crashed or failed mechanically on the first day's run across the desert.

At daybreak, while Oldfield struggled with a bulky radiator cap, the remaining cars roared off toward Prescott, 236 miles away and separated by some of the roughest country of the trip. Outside of Needles the route crossed the Colorado River, and the cars were allowed to use the railroad trestle. Durant, in the lead, came to temporary grief on the ties when a spike pierced his tire casing. Olin Oavis quickly moved ahead, with Baudet's Paige close behind.

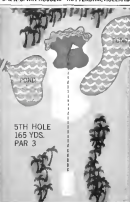
After he finally got his Stutz started, Oldfield gained rapidly on the leaders. Going up a steep mountain grade, however, his Stutz began *surfing*. The engine soon stopped, and it took a push from some local miners to get the car rolling again. Oldfield immediately began to catch up again and was second when he reached Kingman, Ariz. At that point a jagged rock slashed his rear casing, and by the time he changed the tire, he was fifth.

Between Kingman and Prescott a hail storm came up which soon turned to sleet. Undeterred, Oldfield kept up his

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### A Big Win — continued

fast pace and passed everyone. He rolled into Prescott half-frozen, but with a substantial lead over Davis.

The 11 surviving cars were flagged off for the final 134 miles to Phoenix the next morning. Oldfield's rivals gradually fell out of the race. At the flood-swollen waters of New River, with only 20 miles to go, Nikrent and Bramlett were the only drivers close to him. Oldfield's big car dipped down into the swirling current, got halfway to the far bank, then splattered and fell silent.

Oldfield raged. He jumped out of the car, pushed, shouted, swore violently. Nothing happened. The Stutz remained in mid-river, its wheels solidly mired in the deep mud.

A few minutes later Oldfield and Hill watched helplessly as first Nikrent and then Bramlett motored past them, easily navigating the river. Soon after, Hill saw a mule team on the far bank. Oldfield gestured wildly at the mule skinner, indicating they wanted a tow. After much arm-waving, the mules were hitched to the Stutz and the big car was slowly sucked free of the clinging mud.

At the top of the bank, Oldfield dropped the gear lever into second, and the engine fired with a roar. The Stutz fishtailed alarmingly on the slick roadway as Oldfield crouched fiercely over the big racing wheel, extracting the maximum speed from the laboring engine. He passed Bramlett, who had cracked up, and soon thundered into the outskirts of Phoenix. Suddenly Hill shouted, "Watch out! Cross-walk!"

Oldfield jerked at the wheel. The car struck the heavy wooden planking, became airborne for a moment and then half-spun around before slamming to a stop. Oldfield straightened the car out and managed to make the last mile to the Fairgrounds. The crowd lining the dirt oval cheered and waved frantically as he brought the coughing, smoking, mud-covered Stutz to a final halt at the main grandstand. A brass band started playing and children ducked past police to cluster around the car. Nikrent, who had reached the finish line ahead of Oldfield, reached up to shake the veteran's hand.

Oldfield had won the race on elapsed time, he covered the 671 miles in 23 hours—at just above a 29-mph average—to beat Nikrent by 36 minutes after three days of racing. Only five other cars reached the finish line.

END

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County \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Age \_\_\_\_\_ Male ☐ Female ☐ Married ☐ Single ☐

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

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# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

A chart of the gold, silver and bronze medal winners in the 34 events of the IX Winter Olympic Games in Innsbruck

EVENT	GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE	EVENT	GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE
<b>DOWNHILL</b> (men)	Zemmermann (Austria)	Lacroix (France)	Barrals (Germany)	<b>HOCKEY</b>	U.S.S.R.	Sweden	Czechoslovakia
<b>GIANT SLALOM</b> (men)	Bonfatti (France)	Schranz (Austria)	Sorger (Austria)	<b>FIGURE SKATING</b> (men)	Schneiderfer (Germany)	Calma (France)	Allen (U.S.A.)
<b>SLALOM</b> (men)	Sorger (Austria)	Kold (U.S.A.)	Hauga (U.S.A.)	<b>FIGURE SKATING</b> (ladies)	Dijkstra (Netherlands)	Heizer (Austria)	Burka (Canada)
<b>DOWNHILL</b> (ladies)	Hann (Austria)	Zemmermann (Austria)	Hecher (Austria)	<b>FIGURE SKATING</b> (pairs)	Belouneva- Petrovskiy (U.S.S.R.)	Krist-Bonnier (Germany)	Wilkes-Bavell (Canada)
<b>GIANT SLALOM</b> (ladies)	M. Gotschel (France)	C. Gotschel (P.) Sauter (U.S.A.)		<b>SPEED SKATING</b> 500 m. (men)	McDonnell (U.S.A.)	Grenshen (U.S.S.R.) Glover (U.S.S.R.) Gjovang (Nor.)	
<b>SLALOM</b> (ladies)	C. Gotschel (France)	M. Gotschel (France)	Saebom (U.S.A.)	<b>SPEED SKATING</b> 1,000 m. (men)	Aspaas (U.S.S.R.)	Verkork (Netherlands)	Haugen (Norway)
<b>CROSS-COUNTRY</b> 15 km. (men)	Mantyranta (Finland)	Grottnang (Norway)	Jensberg (Sweden)	<b>SPEED SKATING</b> 1,500 m. (men)	Johannsson (Norway)	Moe (Norway)	Mann (Norway)
<b>CROSS-COUNTRY</b> 30 km. (men)	Mantyranta (Finland)	Grottnang (Norway)	Voronchikhin (U.S.S.R.)	<b>SPEED SKATING</b> 5,000 m. (men)	Nilsson (Sweden)	Muser (Norway)	Johannsson (Norway)
<b>CROSS-COUNTRY</b> 50 km. (men)	Jensberg (Sweden)	Ronneberg (Sweden)	Tuominen (Finland)	<b>SPEED SKATING</b> 100 m. (ladies)	Skoblikova (U.S.S.R.)	Egorova (U.S.S.R.)	Soderova (U.S.S.R.)
<b>CROSS-COUNTRY</b> RELAY (men)	Sweden	Finland	U.S.S.R.	<b>SPEED SKATING</b> 1,000 m. (ladies)	Skoblikova (U.S.S.R.)	Egorova (U.S.S.R.)	Muramatsu (Japan)
<b>SPECIAL JUMP</b> 30 m.	Kankkonen (Finland)	Engan (Norway)	Brandtzæg (Norway)	<b>SPEED SKATING</b> 1,500 m. (ladies)	Skoblikova (U.S.S.R.)	Masanen (Finland)	Kokkonen (U.S.S.R.)
<b>SPECIAL JUMP</b> 40 m.	Engan (Norway)	Kankkonen (Finland)	Brandtzæg (Norway)	<b>SPEED SKATING</b> 3,000 m. (ladies)	Skoblikova (U.S.S.R.)	Sinova (U.S.S.R.) Hann (N. Korea)	
<b>NORDIC COMBINED</b>	Krause (Norway)	Kreber (U.S.S.R.)	Thoma (Germany)	<b>BOBLED</b> (two men)	Nash-Dean (Great Britain)	Zandry- Bonagura (Italy)	Motti-Sarponi (Italy)
<b>BIATHLON</b>	Molander (U.S.S.R.)	Privato (U.S.S.R.)	Jordan (Norway)	<b>BOBLED</b> (four men)	Emery (Canada)	Thaler (Austria)	Moon (Italy)
<b>CROSS-COUNTRY</b> 5 km. (ladies)	Boyaruk (U.S.S.R.)	Lehtinen (Finland)	Kulchyna (U.S.S.R.)	<b>LUGE</b> (single, men)	Kühler (Germany)	Bomack (Germany)	Ploch (Germany)
<b>CROSS-COUNTRY</b> 10 km. (ladies)	Boyaruk (U.S.S.R.)	Nikshilo (U.S.S.R.)	Gastalova (U.S.S.R.)	<b>LUGE</b> (double, men)	Festmann- Stempel (Austria)	Senn-Thaler (Austria)	Ausanderfo- Mair (Italy)
<b>CROSS-COUNTRY</b> RELAY (ladies)	U.S.S.R.	Sweden	Finland	<b>LUGE</b> (single, ladies)	Endersby (Germany)	Gentler (Germany)	Thutner (Austria)

CONTINUED



# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## WINNING WORDS

Sirs:

Bravo! Bravo! Andrea Mend Lawrence's article, *Let's Not Spoil Their Sport* (Feb. 3), is the year's most needed critical review. Substitute baseball, tennis, swimming in place of skiing—the words apply equally to any sport.

Winning is fine, but playing—win or lose—is life itself.

JUDY SHELDON

Mount Pleasant, Mich.

Sirs:

The same philosophy should apply in every human endeavor, whether in recreation, in education, in religion or in winning the daily bread.

W. O. ZIMMERMAN

New Kensington, Pa.

## DOWNGRADE

Sirs:

In view of the 1964 Winter Olympic results so far, are you sure our skiers were so terribly and outrageously downgraded by the prejudiced Europeans?

JOHN E. HERZOG

Pittsburgh

## SCATTER SHOT

Sirs:

A few (million) people owning and using firearms for sport and protection will not agree that Warren S. Mitchell's proposals (19th Hole, Feb. 3) will effectively disarm criminals or, "in no way restrict legitimate use of firearms." It is rather obvious that he is ignorant of the manufacture of small arms, their use, their acquisition by criminals and the history of legislation concerning them both here and in other countries. For his information, all except the very cheapest of guns, including the military, are and have been numbered serially, and legitimate dealers, without exception, record such numbers in their sales records.

New York State's 50-year-old Sullivan Law covers short firearms much as Mitchell advocates for all guns. It has made it difficult and at most cases impossible for the average citizen to own a pistol for any reason in that state. If it has prevented criminals from doing so, it isn't apparent from police reports and records.

As a tool-and-diemaker with 22 years of professional gunsmithing experience, I would feel insulted if anyone suggested that I couldn't build from metal and wood available anywhere a better rifle than the gun allegedly used by Oswald with such fantastic effectiveness. And teenagers with

little or no mechanical training make the lethal and illegal zip gun.

W. S. VICKERMAN

Ellensburg, Wash.

Sirs:

As a schoolteacher, recreation director, youth leader, infantry veteran and parent, I feel qualified to voice an opinion on the right of Americans to bear arms: Mr. Mitchell is dead wrong on every count—even about snowballs. It so happens that snowballs are a lot more dangerous than firearms. I am elementary safety director for our schools and closely observe the damage done by snowballs fired astray (The national records are appalling.) Reader Mitchell shouldn't attempt to speak with authority on snowballs since he lives in a state (California) that has little appreciable snowfall per year.

ART VAN ATIA

Vandula, Ohio

Sirs:

I agree with Mr. Mitchell's thesis, but the phrase that caught my attention was "only adults of good character." Where did he get the secret of what constitutes good character? Let me know so I can bottle it. I'll make millions.

SANDRA ERIKSON

Fairfield, Conn.

Sirs:

There ought to be a law against murder. That's what.

PETER SANAB

Hempstead, N.Y.

## NEIN IN STRIPES

Sirs:

Having had the divinely inspiring experience of playing in at least a dozen games refereed by Charley Eckman while at Duke, I took great pleasure in reading Frank Deford's fine article, *Here Comes Cholly*, *Big-dog-bop-bop* (Feb. 3). Well do I recall the effect of Cholly's stinging rebukes at a missed rebound or an ill-timed pass during the course of a game. Yet equally well do I remember the tonic effect of the Eckman humor in a tense, hard-fought contest. Charley is, in effect, a two-talent coach, unbiased official and master psychologist wrapped up in one, and he is abundantly successful at all three. In fact, Charley is the only referee I know to be cheered by the fans upon his appearance on the floor for a game—not as a show of favoritism but solely out of respect for a man who "calls 'em as he sees 'em."

BUZZ MWHORT

Durham, N.C.

Sirs:

As an avid college basketball fan for about six years and having seen quite a few games during this period, including about 60 per season over the past two years, it was very refreshing to read a good article about a fine referee in your February 3 issue. College basketball is the best basketball in the world but it oftentimes lingers by the refs. I have to agree with Charley Eckman's statement that there are quite a few "horers."

IRVING H. PICARD

Boston

Sirs:

I am a hockey fan, but I feel strongly regarding the subject of refereeing in any sport. Right now, as your SCORECARD item (Feb. 10) suggests, officiating in hockey is at a low ebb. It is well documented that this is a fast, rough, demanding game, and no man can be expected to witness every incident that occurs on the ice. However, one can expect that when the man in stripes does see such incidents, he will act accordingly—and with consistency. I, for one, do not believe that any NHL referee would be so naive as to consciously show partiality to any one team; however, I do believe that through ignorance of the rules, lack of ability to make snap decisions and inability to carry out their convictions, the men with the whistles are making a fiasco of the game by appearing to be partial.

HAROLD R. BIAN

Melrose Park, Ill.

## UNDERRATED

Sirs:

The ratings for "the most popular televised sporting events" of 1963 attached to William Leggett's article on the recent purchase of NFL television rights does not play fair with college football (*The 20-million-dollar Deal*, Feb. 3). The overall 1963 average audience rating for the NCAA series, stated as 13.4, was in fact slightly higher at 13.7. More important, had college football's televised Thanksgiving Day game (Texas vs. Texas A&M) been given a separate listing, as were NFL and AFL Thanksgiving programs, it would have been, at 19.6, among the year's 10 top-rated sports events; so would the Army-Navy game, at 17.6. College football, the original game of football, continues to be universally popular.

ASA BUSINESS

Secretary, NCAA Television Committee  
New York City

## ON THE TAB

Sirs:

With regard to your January 27 SCORECARD item on off-track betting shops, I sub-

*continued*

## EACH A CLASSIC IN ITS CLASS—EACH WITH MAGNIFICENT MAGNAVOX SOUND



**The Cabana-Table Radio—\$19.95.** Just imagine, here's a radio with built-in antenna, five tubes, four-inch speaker, and Magnavox quality—all at this low price. Plays AM broadcasts on AC/DC. Choose from several 2-tone combinations. R-2.



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See Yellow Pages for Magnavox dealers

the magnificent  
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### 10TH HOLE continued

ment that the idea is far from as easy as you indicate. In Victoria and Queensland there have been set up by the state governments what are known as Totalisator Agency Board offices (TABs). Any punter can drop on down and bet on any of the races open for action on that particular day. The sky's the limit as long as the long green is plunked down. One has to get set at least an hour or so before the race, and the payoff doesn't come until the Monday following the customary racing day of Saturday. Further, on application, one can even establish credit to a limit mutually agreed upon by the customer and the TAB.

The racing clubs were all for the idea, as they saw their chance to knock off the illegal bookmakers while at the same time gaining additional revenue without additional taxes. Further, TAB shares the loot with the racing clubs, who pass along a part of it in the form of increased purses to the horse owners. And, oddly enough the legitimate bookies also strongly favor the setup on the sound premise that anything that helps horse racing helps them.

Action is now pending to establish TABs in Sydney (New South Wales). The illegal bookies are strong and well-heeled and are putting up a stiff battle, but they'll lose in the end, as they did in other states in Australia.

FREDERICK R. SCHROEDER JR.,  
La Jolla, Calif.

### STRAIGHT LINE

Sirs:

In your February 3 SCORECARD article, "Gadget Golf," you tell about a pair of glasses which, when placed upon the head, is supposed to cure all your putting troubles by giving a straight line to the hole from the ball. It's a fine idea, but how many times does one have just that—a straight line? Not many. What you fail to take into consideration is that a green is not a flat surface but rather a combination of flat surface, hills and rolls.

Tell the gadgetmakers to try again.

STEPHEN FROSTEN

Philadelphia

### FOUR AT 10

Sirs:

We join in applauding the accomplishments of Gerry Lindgren (*The Fastest Bat in the West*, Jan. 27) and in anticipating his future. But keep your eye on a possible future Olympic teammate Jim Ryan, 16-year-old Wichita East High junior, who ran two miles in nine minutes, 14 seconds despite a nightmare start (bumped, spilled, sprawled flat).

Doesn't he surprised if he does the first four-minute mile in high school. We won't be.

CLAUDE C. MOORE

Wichita, Kans.

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# Q&A:

Is this the one? Is this the one bourbon that more Americans buy than any other? And that was the favorite of Henry Clay & Daniel Webster & Mark Twain? And that is mellow & tasty & smoothly modern and that can make you a bourbonite?



Yup

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